

"BODY AND SOUL"
ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
by
ABRAHAM POLONSKY

AN ENTERPRISE PICTURE

Producer: Bob Roberts

Director: Robert Rossen

Distributor: United Artists

Release Date: (approx) 10/13/47

SHOOTING SCRIPT - FINAL
Revised 1-13-47

FADE IN:

1. EXT. TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT - CRANE
A MOVING SHOT through bright moonlight and deep shadow, which articulates an edge of a building, a tree, part of the outdoor ring, a heavy sandbag slowly, but just barely, swinging in the night wind, through a wide window facing on the clearing, to CHARLEY DAVIS asleep with moonlight nibbling on his face.

2. CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY ASLEEP
He is struggling with a nightmare, fear sweating on his face. Far off a train whistle in a distant river valley SOUNDS a note of melancholy hysteria, and Charley wakes up screaming.

CHARLEY
(calling desperately
from the dream)

Ben..... Ben.....!

Sitting up, eyes open, he stares around the room. The nightmare still winds within his mind as he wipes the cold sweat off.

3. CLOSE SHOT - WALL
where moonlight patterns changing branch shapes, and the sandbag swings slowly in the wind like conscience from a gibbet.

4. CLOSEUP - CHARLEY
watching, his face tense. Suddenly o.s., but close at hand, a farm dog hysterically barks at the moon. The CAMERA MOVES BACK as Charley half rises, and CAMERA PANS to a WIDER ANGLE as Charley jumps from the bed and rushes to the closet. He starts to dress.

DISSOLVE TO:

5. EXT. CAMP GROUNDS - NIGHT
CAMERA PANS Charley across the grounds to his car. He rips the canvas cover off his big convertible. As he starts the motor, lights come on in the cabins, and men run out, the pug-uglies and trainers, all wondering what's up. QUINN, blowzy from sleep and a hangover, rushes out of the big house, pulling a bathrobe on. He comes up just as the car starts off.

6. CLOSE SHOT - QUINN AND A BOXER

BOXER
(calling)
Hey, Champ!

(CONTINUED)

6. (Cont.)

QUINN

(calling)

Hey, Charley! Where you going?

7.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LOW

The car seems to drive straight at them, revealing a New York license plate and the year 1938. The car swings sideways down the road.

8-9.

LONG SHOT

Quinn and the boxer in the f.g. The car in the b.g. crazily bumps and swings up around the hill of the camp out of sight behind the trees.

BOXER

He's nuts. He's gotta fight tomorrow night.

QUINN

Yeah...

(turning away)

I'll get him.

10.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - (STOCK)

The car races through the moonlit countryside.

DISSOLVE TO:

11.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CITY APPROACHES - (STOCK)

The car speeds into the mesh of highways, with the city towers looming in the distance, their spires lighted, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

12.

EXT. EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - CAR as it slowly rolls down the street.

13.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The headlights wash across a warehouse wall, picking up old posters, movie ads, an old election ad, and finally five identical new posters announcing the Marlowe-Davis fight, with a picture of Charley Davis in boxing togs. The headlights pause on these boxing pictures as the car stops. We HOLD it for a moment, then the headlights switch off.

14-15-16-17. INT. CAR - CHARLEY IN F.G.

SHOOTING through the windshield. We see the street from Charley's point of view: the lights from the poolroom, the hangers-on in front, some older boys playing Johnny-ride-the-pony under the street lamp, the dark stores, etc. Charley starts to get out of the car. The kids at the stoop in front of the candy store look up curiously.

14-15-16-17. (Cont.)

BOY
(whispering, royalty
is coming)
It's Charley Davis!

Charley comes by, and the boys step back, admiration and excitement on their faces. Charley starts up the stoop.

18-19-20-21. ANOTHER ANGLE

Charley pauses on the stoop and looks at the sign over the candy store, which reads: D. DAVIS, PROP. His grave, disturbed face looks up at the sign. Then he hunches his shoulders in the typical prizefighter fashion and goes up the stairs into the house...

22,23.

INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - ANNA DAVIS

SHOOTING from behind stove to the door. As the door creaks open, ANNA is seen at the stove where, with her back to us, she has just finished pouring herself a glass of tea. She turns, sees her son. A twist of feeling gathers her features, and the glass shakes in her hand.

ANNA
(almost soundlessly)
Charley...

CHARLEY
(a small boy again)
Hello, Ma.

As he steps in, closing the door, Anna walks slowly to the table. Hands shaking, she starts to put the glass down, but it misses the table and crashes to the floor.

ANNA
(looking from the
debris to her son)
Oh... my... I...

Charley hurries over, kneels down, and starts to scoop up the wet pieces with half of the broken saucer.

ANNA
(the neutral words)
Careful, Charley, you'll cut yourself.

24-25-26. ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING down upon Charley with Anna in the f.g. She looks at his bowed head, the streak of gray. Involuntarily she puts out a hand to touch his head, but withdraws it. She turns away, gets a broom and dustpan, and returns to gather the pieces. Charley looks down on his mother, then sits down in his coat. Anna puts the pan and broom away and goes to the stove. She is extremely upset, a little cold, extremely careful.

24-25-26. (Cont.)

ANNA
(pouring two glasses
of tea)
Take your coat off.

27-28. TWO SHOT AT TABLE

As Anna comes to the table with the tea, Charley removes his coat and sits down, watching her. They look at each other over the profound silence of not knowing how to begin. Anna drinks Russian style, the lump of sugar between her teeth. Charley stirs the sugar in his glass.

ANNA
What do you want, Charley?

CHARLEY
Ben died, Ma.

ANNA
(a little shock in
her voice)
When?

CHARLEY
This afternoon. I couldn't sleep...
so I thought...
(looking at bedroom)
I gotta come in tomorrow anyway for
the fight...

ANNA
(holding tight to
her feelings)
Peg's sleeping here, Charley.

29. CLOSEUP - CHARLEY

He is a little stunned, then looks toward the closed door of the bedroom. He gets up.

30. MED. SHOT TO INCLUDE ANNA

as Charley walks to the bedroom door and opens it on a dark room. SHOOTING through the railroad flat to the dark front room and windows reflecting the street lights. The light from the kitchen illuminates the bedroom, the big double bed, and a bureau on which is a girl's hat, gloves, brush and comb, toiletries, etc. After a backward glance, Charley walks into the bedroom to the dresser and picks up the silver-handled brush.

31. CLOSE SHOT - BRUSH

which is inscribed: "TO PEG FROM CHARLEY". There are a few strands of hair in it which he fingers, removes, and then he brushes the brush against the palm of his hand in a caress.

(CONTINUED)

31. (Cont.)

CHARLEY'S VOICE

(almost to himself).

I couldn't stand it up there, Ma,
after they took Ben away.

32-33-34-35. ANOTHER ANGLE - CHARLEY IN F.G.

He looks around the half darkened bedroom and sees an overnight bag with Peg's initials, a wrap, a pair of stockings drying over a towel draped on a chair.

CHARLEY

(turning to Anna)

I couldn't sleep, so I came down. I
had to go some place where I could
lie down. You know, Ma, you have to
have a place.

(stepping toward her)

I didn't mean all those things I said
to Peg. You know that.

(Anna doesn't answer,

but continues to watch)

Don't you want me here?

At this moment the kitchen door opens. Anna looks towards it. Charley stands within the bedroom as the door closes, and PEG BORN, carrying an armful of bundles, moves across his line of vision and dumps the groceries on the covered washtub.

PEG

The butcher was closed, but I got
everything else.

Anna is looking into the bedroom, and Charley takes a step forward, the brush still in his hand. Peg looks at Anna, then slowly turns around, following her gaze to Charley. As Peg sees him, her whole body stiffens, her face, her arms. Charley walks slowly into the kitchen towards Peg.

CHARLEY

(deeply emotional)

Peg...

As he comes up to her, Peg suddenly moves past him into the bedroom and closes the door.

36.

KITCHEN INTO BEDROOM - CHARLEY IN F.G.

Charley comes up behind Peg and takes her in his arms.

CHARLEY

(in agony, loneliness,
desperation)

Peg...

37-38-39. ANGLE

Charley and Peg in f.g., Anna standing in the lighted kitchen in the b.g. Peg pushes Charley off. But he forces her, kisses her. She turns her face away. Then she starts to cry. Her body loosens, and she turns her face towards him. Anna moves towards them.

ANNA

(intensely)

Go away, Charley, go away.

Charley turns blindly from the girl to his mother and walks into the kitchen.

40. CLOSE SHOT

The kitchen door opens and slams o.s. Anna listens to the footsteps rushing downstairs outside, and turns to Peg, who slowly collapses on the bed and begins to sob. Anna looks at her, then walks through the bedroom into the dark front room.

41. AT WINDOW IN FRONT ROOM

Anna stands at the window and looks down on the street. Charley comes rushing down the stoop and runs to his car, where a big crowd of kids and neighbors stands. We see the pantomime of his popularity as he gets into the car. The lights snap on, the crowd parts, and he screeches off, while Anna stands at the window, and Peg's stifled sobs SOUND from the bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

42. INT. THREE CLUBS NIGHT CLUB

Foyer and wide entrance to the long, narrow club. ALICE is singing o.s. to a four-piece band. The doorman is sitting on the couch in full uniform reading the morning paper. A man is mopping the floor, and the hatcheck girl is yawning, looking into the club proper. Now the double doors to the street swing open, and Charley walks in, swaying a little, tight. The doorman and the check girl exchange glances.

DOORMAN

(getting up)

Hello, Champ.

Charley ignores him and walks over to the wide entry to look at Alice. The CAMERA MOVES with him into a:

43. LONG SHOT

SHOOTING from check girl to Charley and down the almost empty night club to Alice at the microphone singing. One couple is dancing.

(CONTINUED)

43. (Cont.)

CHECK GIRL

(looking at clock which
is five minutes to three)

She'll be through in a few minutes.

Charley slowly walks in, looking at Alice. The check girl picks up the phone, dials a number, as the doorman comes over.

CHECK GIRL

(into phone)

Hello, Mister Quinn. This is Florrie.
He just came in. It's all right...
Goodbye.

As she hangs up:

44. MED. SHOT AT SIDE BAR
Charley comes to the bar. The bartender walks over.

BARTENDER

Hello, Champ.

CHARLEY

Bourbon.

The bartender turns around to the mirrored back bar for the bottle. In the glass we see the check girl, doorman, and the janitor, all watching from the entry. The bartender puts the bottle on the bar and slides a glass forward. He pours a drink as Charley continues fixedly to watch Alice.

45. MED. SHOT - ALICE SINGING
The pianist is behind her, etc. She turns slowly, smiling into the half empty place, into the smoky darkness. The pianist sees Charley and touches Alice's elbow. He points. She looks in the direction of the bar.

46. CLOSEUP - ALICE
Concerned, she forces a smile, then raises a hand and wiggles her fingers at Charley. She finishes her number.

47. MED. SHOT - BANDSTAND
as the pianist looks at his wristwatch and signals to the other three players. They go into a vamp, a drum roll, and the evening is dead. Alice walks down off the podium to the bar as the lights go up, and the people straggle out. The janitor and waiters start through, putting chairs up on tables, etc. The CAMERA PANS Alice to the bar. She comes up to Charley and kisses him on the cheek.

ALICE

Sweetie...

47. (Cont.) Charley starts to pour himself another drink. Some people passing look at him and smile. Alice darts a glance at them.

ALICE

(upset)

Quinn's been going nuts. You've been every place but here. Why didn't you come here first, Charley?

48. TWO SHOT - CHARLEY, ALICE
He looks steadily at her, his face ravaged by his inner doubts, fears, and struggle.

ALICE

(anxiously)

How does it look, Charley? The night before the fight, three A.M., and you stinko...

CHARLEY

(taking her arm)

C'mon, Alice... Let's go...

49. CLOSEUP - ALICE
looking at him steadily. Then a little smile breaks at the corners of her mouth.

ALICE

Okay, Champ...

DISSOLVE TO:

- 50-51. INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT (AS SKETCHED)
SHOOTING towards the door as the key turns in the lock. The door opens. Charley enters, followed by Alice. Quinn moves into the shot.

QUINN

(anxiously)

I called every joint in town.

But Charley, stripping off his coat as he walks, dumps himself on the couch, dropping his coat to the floor.

QUINN

(disgusted, to Alice)

I bet everybody in town saw him.

He turns and starts for Charley, but Alice delays him, a hand to his arm.

ALICE

What's eating him?

(CONTINUED)

Ben.

QUINN

(approaches Charley,
speaks with exaggerated
reasonableness)

You gotta put up some kind of fight
tomorrow night, Charley, even if it
is fixed.

CHARLEY

(staring at ceiling)

Blow.

QUINN

(with growing anger)

I'm your manager 'till tomorrow night,
and it's my job to put you in that
ring, drunk or sober. I've got an
interest in this fight just like you
have.

CHARLEY

(closing his eyes)

Yeah... you and everybody else.

He gestures briefly.

QUINN

(exploding)

Charley...

CHARLEY

(looking at him)

You still here? Blow.

Quinn stares, then surlily walks to the door, followed by
Alice. He opens the door and steps into the hallway.

ALICE

I'll keep him here.

QUINN

(significantly)

He's all yours...

He starts down the hall as Alice slowly closes the door.
She walks back to Charley, taking off her coat.

ALICE

(tenderly)

You're fined down, sweetie. You're
nervous. You're underweight. I don't
want you to get hurt tomorrow night.

(sits at his feet,
unlaces his shoes)

Go to sleep now, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

50-51. (Cont.) She slides up to him, and as she speaks, folds his hands across his chest, caressing him.

ALICE

I wish it was all over, finished...
I'm taking care of you from now on.

CHARLEY

(suddenly exploding)
Don't bury me...!
(jumps to his feet,
pushing her
violently aside)
I'm not a stiff yet...

He looks around the room like a caged animal.

ALICE

(soothing)
What you so nervous about?

CHARLEY

(starting to pace)
I keep thinking of Ben, how he died
this afternoon.

ALICE

Ah, he was punch drunk anyway. That
won't happen to you. You're smart.

CHARLEY

(suddenly inward)
Maybe I'm not so smart.

ALICE

(a sudden concern)
Charley...

CHARLEY

(blustering)
Suppose I am thirty-five... Suppose
Marlowe is young and good and on the
make...

ALICE

(rising)
What are you talking about?

CHARLEY

(daring the thought)
Maybe there don't have to be a new
champ. Maybe I could knock that
Marlowe on his back in two rounds?

ALICE

(frightened, vehement)
You're crazy. You thinking of crossing
anybody? You got to be smart, Charley.
Nobody's gonna look out for us when
we're old and gray.

50-51. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

(pushing her away)

I made my money... I made my name...

I made me... punching.

Alice walks to the bar, thinking of a new tack.

ALICE

You have to see things straight,
Charley. The easy things are...
thirty-five, the legs slow...

He sits up, his thoughts inward, puts on his shoes.

ALICE

(cont)

The money's bet, Charley... yours...
mine...

Charley reaches the bar and looks up at the pictures of
the past on the wall.

ALICE

(cont)

You ought to be glad that's all in the
past, Charley. You can live for the
easy things now... There's got to be
a new champ...

CHARLEY

I still think I can knock that Marlowe
on his back in two rounds...

ALICE

And end up in the candy store with
your old lady...

CHARLEY

(wheeling furiously)

Shut up!

ALICE

(driving it home)

Or in the gutter with a bullet in your
back.

CHARLEY

(convulsing with fury)

I said shut up...

He rings the drink into Alice's face. She doesn't even
pull back or wipe her eyes, but watches his ferocious stare
with her own. Then, recalling her own plans, she softens,
smiles, comes close.

ALICE

You're too tense, sweetie, too tense.

(CONTINUED)

50-51. (Cont.) She covers him with her embrace, her kiss, to drown him into the present.

DISCONTINUED:

52. EXTREMELY CLOSE UP - SCALE CALIBRATION - DAY
The pointer wavers at 147, goes past it, and with an almost miraculous sense of just making it, comes to rest at 147. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as an official straightens up and turns towards the CAMERA, as it reveals Charley, nude except for a towel around his midsection, standing on the scale.

(CONTINUED)

52. (Cont.)

OFFICIAL
Just on the nose, Davis.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
(loud, belligerent)
All fat. Night club fat.

The CAMERA CONTINUES to MOVE BACK to reveal JACK MARLOWE, the contender, speaking. Like Charley, he is stripped to a towel.

MARLOWE
(cont)
Whiskey fat. Thirty-five-year-old fat!

Charley slowly turns and steps down beside Marlowe. We contrast the two men -- the younger, much-muscled boy against the older, smoother-bodied man of thirty-five. A flash-light bulb explodes. There is the lightning violence of the glare, and Charley moves past Marlowe as if he were nonexistent.

53.

WIDER ANGLE TO REVEAL ROOM

The room is jam-packed, overflowing into the corridor with reporters, observers, photographers, officials, friends, etc. The crowd makes way for Charley, who is followed by Quinn. Marlowe brings up the rear with his manager, DAHE. The scene is continuously punctuated by flashlight bulbs, as Charley stands near the doctor. In the b.g. is ROBERTS.

54.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHOOTING between Charley's torso and the examining head and hands of the doctor. Marlowe is in the b.g., visible through the narrow space between Charley's chest and the doctor.

MARLOWE
(truculent)
I've licked everybody in the division.
It took the Boxing Commish two years...
it took every sports writer two years
... it took me two years, to pressure
Davis into this fight.

DOCTOR
(to Charley)
Breathe in... Too bad about Ben...

CHARLEY
Yeah...

Charley's chest slowly expands and cuts off the CAMERA'S sight of Marlowe.

(CONTINUED)

54. (Cont.)

REPORTER
(to Marlowe)
You sure you'll win?

DOCTOR
(to Charley)
Exhale slowly.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Ask Grandpa Davis.
(as Charley's chest
deflates, CAMERA SHOWS
Marlowe again)
Who ducked who?

The doctor taps Charley on the shoulder. Charley turns around.

55. CLOSE THREE SHOT - FAVORING CHARLEY, MARLOWE
The doctor in b.g. is examining Charley as he stands face to face with Marlowe.

DOCTOR
(to Charley)
Turn around.

As Charley wheels around, his back to Marlowe, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE. Quinn comes close to Marlowe and his manager, Dane.

QUINN
(to Marlowe)
Lay off with the propaganda.
(shakes hands with Dane)
Can't you plug up Loud-mouth?

He gestures towards Marlowe. Dane shrugs his shoulders.

DANE
(with Southern accent)
Ah'm in charge of the muscles, not the brain.

DOCTOR
All right, Davis.
(looking up)
Marlowe!

56.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Impassive as before, Charley starts to step away. Marlowe unable to get a rise out of him, obviously jostles Charley with his elbow. Everyone sees it. Quinn steps forward, but Charley puts his hand out for his robe.

MARLOWE
Maybe the Champ would like to retire now.

(CONTINUED)

56. (Cont.) Without any change of expression, without looking at Marlowe, Charley suddenly snaps a terrific right into his face. Marlowe staggers back, and there is the hullabaloo of holding him back, voices up, photographers, etc., while Charley, just as unemotionally, still not looking to see the results, starts to walk out. He bumps into Roberts, who stares at him with an unspoken question.

CHARLEY

Excuse me, Mister Roberts...

He brushes past. Roberts knits his brows as Charley works his way through the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 57-58-59. INT. ARENA, CORRIDOR AND TUNEL LEADING TO CHARLEY'S DRESSING ROOM
There are police, stragglers, etc., and SOUND of the crowd stomping overhead. LONG SHOT as Roberts and The DRUMMER come up to the CAMERA, nodding to the police, etc. The CAMERA TRACKS them to Charley's dressing room, where The Drummer remains outside. Roberts enters.

- 60-61. INT. DRESSING ROOM
Quinn and Charley, as Charley undresses. PRINCE, a handler, is helping Charley, but as Roberts enters, Quinn signals Prince out of the room.

ROBERTS

It was great publicity, Charley...
smacking Marlowe this afternoon.

CHARLEY

(carelessly flinging
shoe across room)

I meant to hit him.

ROBERTS

The kid was only putting on an act to
make it look good, Charley.

CHARLEY

(removing other shoe,
standing up)

I think I could knock this Marlowe on
his ear in two rounds.

He drops the shoe with a bang. Roberts exchanges a look
with Quinn, and the probing interchange continues.

ROBERTS

(sitting on rubbing table,
absentmindedly)

This Jackie Marlowe... a great little
fighter. Very good boy. Got muscle
and drive.

60-61. (Cont.)

CHARLEY
(undressing)
Too many muscles, Mister Roberts.

ROBERTS
He's no young Charley Davis... But
he's a winner.

CHARLEY
Got to win to be a winner, Mister
Roberts.

Roberts' perpetual smile wipes off for a moment and then
returns. He gets off the rubbing table and comes closer to
Charley.

ROBERTS
What's wrong, Charley? The books are
balanced; the accountants have made
their reports; the bets are in. You've
bet your purse against yourself. Gotta
be businesslike, Charley. Just because
a kid talks fresh...

His voice trails away.

CHARLEY
(raising his voice)
Prince!

The door opens, and Prince puts his head in. Quinn motions
him out again. The door closes.

ROBERTS
You thinking about Ben, Charley?

Charley walks over to the rubbing table and picks up a roll
of bandage. He sits down on the table and begins to wrap it
around his left hand.

ROBERTS
Everybody dies... Ben... Shorty...
Even you'll die some day...

CHARLEY
What's the point?

ROBERTS
(casually)
No point. That's life.

Suddenly the stomping of feet stops. There is dead silence
from the crowd. Roberts walks close to Charley as Charley
painstakingly wraps his hand.

(CONTINUED)

60-61. (Cont.)

ROBERTS

You go in there and just box that kid for fifteen rounds, Charley, like we agreed. Nobody'll get hurt. Nobody'll get knocked out. You'll lose by a clean decision. You'll get your money, and we're squared away.

(Charley doesn't reply)

You know the way the betting is, Charley. The numbers are in. Everything is addition and subtraction. The rest is conversation.

CHARLEY

I still think I could knock that Marlowe on his ear in two rounds.

Roberts takes hold of the long end of the bandage and jerks it with a sudden fierceness.

62. CLOSE SHOT - TAUT BANDAGE

ROBERTS' VOICE

Maybe you could, Charley. But the smart money is against it, and you're smart.

63. CLOSE TWO SHOT - CHARLEY LOOKING AT ROBERTS

CHARLEY

(resigned)

It's a deal... it's a deal. A guy worries...

ROBERTS

(smiling)

Let's be businesslike, Charley.

He slaps Charley on the shoulder and starts towards the door. Charley continues to wrap the bandage around his hand. Roberts opens the door, pauses, then looks back.

ROBERTS

Businessmen have to keep their agreements.

He signals Quinn, who walks out with him. The stomping of feet begins again, growing with a steady roar.

64. CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY ON RUBBING TABLE

He wraps the bandage around his hand more and more slowly. He stops. Conflict, indecision, and memory touch his face. Suddenly he lies back on the table and covers his face with his hands. The bandage falls to the floor and unrolls.

(CONTINUED)

64. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

(murmuring)

All gone now... all gone down the
drain... everything down the drain...

The pounding of thousands of feet begins to shake the room.
Charley slowly removes his hands from his face. The
stomping booms louder, louder, rhythmical...

BLUR DISSOLVE TO:

65-66-67-68 - OUT.

69.

INT. TRIUMPH MEETING HALL - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - BASS DRUM
marked: IROQUOIS DEMOCRATIC CLUB, and the painted head of
an Indian. It beats time, drives into a drum roll, and the
final clash of a cymbal, as the CAMERA MOVES to reveal
SHELTON, standing in a spot on the dance floor. He has
just signalled the end of the drum roll. Now he faces
around and booms out.

SHELTON

And now the Iroquois Democratic Club
of the 14th A.D. has got a big surprise
for a very lucky young man. For the
boy who won his amateur fight in one
minute and twelve seconds...

The spot picks out Charley and a long table, flanked on one
side by SHORTY POLASKI and on the other, young fighters
variously marked up.

SHELTON'S VOICE

... our own neighborhood Champ...
Charley Davis, the privilege...

Charley is just glowing with pride. The boys are looking
at him with envy, etc.

SHELTON'S VOICE

(cont)

... of a solo dance with Miss Iroquois
Democratic Club, 14th A.D.

There is applause all around as Charley sits stunned and
embarrassed. Shorty nudges and slaps Charley, encouraging
him. The boys near him push him up, and he rises,
blinking in the dazzling spot, while o.s. a corny little
band plays "Pomp and Circumstance". The CAMERA FOLLOWS him
around the table, as does the spot. He comes out on the
dance floor very slowly, looking ahead.

SHELTON'S VOICE

Don't make her anxious, Charley.
Hurry...

(CONTINUED)

69. (Cont.) There is a laugh from the table, and the CAMERA OPENS into view the fifty-year-old Shelton, while Peg Born approaches, wearing a crown and cheap purple robe, her face made up, expressionless. Shelton faces Charley to Peg in the center of the dance floor, gestures to the orchestra, which gives him a crescendo on the drums, and then gallantly removes Peg's robe. She stands there in the typical bathing beauty outfit. A band across her bosom reads: "Miss Iroquois Demo Club". Shelton gives her a hand, and the crowd responds. Now the orchestra goes into a dance number. As Charley hesitates...

SHELTON

Take her around, Charley. She won't bite.

There is a big laugh from the audience. Charley is beginning to get angry, feeling his humiliation with a sudden vividness. As he still hesitates...

SHELTON

Can you dance? Can you walk?
(Charley's fists automatically clinch)
She's willing, sonny, like I am.

There is another big howl, especially from the fighters' table. Charley is on the point of bolting or fighting. Peg's dead pan breaks a little, and a little human pity comes into her face. She steps forward and comes close to Charley.

PEG

(softly)

Come on, put your arms around me.

Mechanically Charley puts out his arms and takes her around closely. The drummer bangs the big drum, a bump. There is another laugh.

SHELTON

A ringer. He's a wrestler...

Charley darts a murderous glance at him and starts to push the girl away to go at him, but Peg starts Charley dancing. They dance off, and the spot moves to Shelton.

SHELTON

(to crowd)

Why ain't I young and lucky?

(he shrugs)

Okay, friends, and before we lose ourselves in fun, remember to vote for Jack Shelton, the choice of the 14th A.D., the man who never says no to a friend.

(CONTINUED)

69. (Cont.) And at once spots break out on big pictures of Shelton, who is running for alderman, as Charley and Peg continue to dance. (NOTE: That the M.C. is the candidate is revealed when his pictures light up.)

DISSOLVE TO:

70.

EXT. MOUNT STREET GREENWICH VILLAGE (AS SKETCHED) - NIGHT
A taxicab pulls up at the high stoop of a four story converted brownstone. As the taxi door opens, Charley gallantly gets out and extends his hand within to help Peg. But she shoots out of the cab past him in a flash. A quick tattoo of high heels across the sidewalk, and she is running up the brownstone steps. He races up after her, two at a time, passes her, and reaches the apartment house door before she does. He leans casually with his back to the door.

CHARLEY

(easily)

I win.

PEG

(panting as she comes up)

You're in better shape.

CHARLEY

(looking her over)

Depends on the point of view.

PEG

(drawing back, definitely)

Well, goodnight.

Charley looks over her shoulder down the steps to the cab. Shorty has leaned forward and is looking out of the cab up at Charley and Peg, his expression partly incredulous, partly amazed.

CHARLEY

(affably)

It's early yet.

Peg is trying to get past him. She has taken the key out of her purse.

PEG

(innocently)

Why don't you go to a movie, then?

Charley steps away slightly, and Peg, as if absentmindedly, inserts the key in the lock. Before turning it, she manouvers herself into a position of advantage so that she can slip inside the door before Charley can follow her. He pretends not to notice what's going on. Meanwhile, she showers her most dazzling smiles on him, which he returns.

(CONTINUED)

70. (Cont.)

PEG
 (suddenly looking
 past his shoulder)
 What's your friend doing?

Charley turns away to look, and Peg quickly turns the key, pushes the door open, slides in, and tries to slam it shut.

71. CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY'S TOE IN DOOR

72. CLOSE TWO SHOT - CHARLEY, PEG
 looking at each other through a three-inch crack in the door.73. CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY'S TOE IN DOOR
 Peg stamps down on it vigorously. The toe is withdrawn, and the door slams.74. CLOSEUP - CHARLEY
 Pain and anger are on his face. But embarrassment moves upon him. He darts a glance down to the cab.75. CLOSE SHOT - CAB
 Shorty and the driver are leaning out of the cab like firstnighters at the opera.76. INSIDE THE DOOR
 From within, Peg draws the curtain of the glass door back and peeps out at Charley, who leans closer to the glass and pantomimes. He holds up his hands in prayer, then indicates the cab and the two watchers over his shoulder. Peg starts to smile. Charley pronounces soundlessly "five minutes", holding up five fingers for additional clarity. Again he points over his shoulder. Peg hesitates, and then slowly opens the door. She is in full command now and somewhat intrigued by this muscular naivete.

PEG
 I'll help you look good in front of
 your friend... But as soon as he
 drives off...

She looks at him hesitantly.

CHARLEY
 (smiling)
 What's your name?

PEG
 Peg...

She opens the door wider. Charley waves to the cab and walks in. As the door closes...

DISSOLVE TO:

77.

INT. LANDING - APARTMENT DOOR

This is the dark and narrow hallway of a brownstone, the head of a flight of stairs in the b.g. Peg is opening the door, and she puts her head in. From within comes the SOUND of a radio playing.

PEG

(calling)

Irma! You decent?

IRMA'S VOICE

(drawling)

Not particularly...

(a pause)

Bring him in!

Peg turns around and swings the door open.

PEG

(a lifted brow)

Are you decent?

Charley fixes his collar uneasily and walks in.

78.

INT. STUDIO ROOM (AS SKETCHED) - FULL SHOT

Charley enters and looks curiously around, while Peg follows, closing the door. To Charley's surprise, and ours, this is a studio apartment, a big, old-fashioned room with a skylight. Artists' materials are everywhere, canvasses, sculpture, complete and incomplete. A glass paned door leads off to a bedroom. IRMA SHAW gets up from the upholstered chair where she has been reading, and snaps off the radio. She is a very sophisticated girl, thoroughly Greenwich Village, long earrings, short bob, long legs, etc. She looks curiously at the swollen lipped Charley.

PEG

This is Irma Shaw. She sculpts.

(turns to Charley,

who looks blank)

You know... makes statues.

(to Irma)

And this is Charley Davis...

(voice grows orotund)

... the amateur boxing champion of the universe...!

(in normal voice)

... as of tonight.

IRMA

(with feline, interested smile, looking him over from head to toe)

Re-ally!

CHARLEY

(mumbling)

Pleased to meet you.

78. (Cont.) Removing her coat, Peg walks into the bedroom. Irma gives Charley a long, slow look.

IRMA

Well -- sit down, Champ.

Uneasily, Charley sits down. Irma walks over to him and gazes profoundly at him.

IRMA

Take your coat and shirt off.

CHARLEY

(standing up hastily)

Huh?

IRMA

Like to pose for me?

She points vaguely around. There are a few semi-nude statues of women. He is floundering, terribly embarrassed. Irma walks over to a cloth draped statue.

IRMA

I've got a longshoreman posing for me now. Very graceful.

Charley follows her with a hypnotized stare. Irma pulls off the cloth and reveals a surrealist statue, something hacked out with a hatchet. As Charley's eyes pop, Peg returns to the room. Charley swallows and lamely smiles. Irma looks at both of them.

IRMA

(meaningfully to Peg)

Carefully, my dear.

(quick nod at Charley)

Like picking up a handful of loose razor blades... with their wrappers off.

(winks at Charley)

Goodnight, Champ.

(walks to door of bedroom, gives him long, slow look)

Any time you'd like to be preserved for posterity, Champ, come up and see me.

She smiles and disappears into the bedroom. There is a thin curtain over the glass. Peg sits at the drawing board and idly taps a ruler against the desk. Charley, standing by the window, looks at her, then at the room, deluged by this new experience. At his inquiring glance, Peg smiles.

PEG

(with little gesture around the room)

I point...

78. (Cont.)

CHARLEY
(astounded)
What?

PEG
Pictures... I go to art school because
I want to be a painter.

CHARLEY
And this Miss This and That?

Peg puts down the ruler and walks slowly to the window,
talking.

PEG
There's an agency which arranges these
little jobs for me... I get twenty-
five dollars, and the crowd gets to
whistle. Gives me time to study.

CHARLEY
Excuse me... And the accent?

PEG
What accent?

CHARLEY
The way you say, "Art school...
pictures..."

PEG
(laughing)
I really talk that way.

CHARLEY
Why?

PEG
Because... because I learned to talk
that way..

CHARLEY
Where?

PEG
(quietly)
Berlin... London... Paris... Montreal.

CHARLEY
(after a pause)
And you paint, too?

PEG
Yes.

CHARLEY
Paint me!

79.

LONG SHOT TO STREET - PEG'S POINT OF VIEW
Shorty and the driver are standing near the cab looking up.
Peg ostentatiously pulls the shade down.

PEG

That'll send him home.

80.

INT. ROOM - FAVORING CHARLEY
Peg walks back to the desk and sits down. Charley turns around and looks at the charming picture she makes as she sketches. Beyond her is the glass door, and through its curtain, very vaguely, we see that Irma is moving about in the room. Charley stares, then hunches his shoulders with his typical gesture to loosen the muscles, and slowly approaches Peg.

PEG

(looking up and then
back to her drawing)

Your friend leave?

CHARLEY

Not yet.

PEG

He's not very cooperative.

Charley keeps moving towards her, gazing at the curve of her neck, the lovely face.

CHARLEY

(mechanically)

No...

PEG

(making conversation
without looking up)

You going to be a professional prize-fighter, or run for President?

CHARLEY

(getting really close)

I just want to be a success.

PEG

You mean you want people to think
you're a success.

He stands right behind her now, looking down on her arm and shoulder as she sketches.

CHARLEY

Sure. It's every man for himself.

He glances towards the curtained glass door. Very vaguely, Irma moves behind it. He looks at the inviting softness of Peg and then puts his hand out and places it on her shoulder.

80. (Cont.) Peg looks up quickly and sees his mood. She suddenly picks up a big, heavy drawing ruler and smacks him across the knuckles. Charley jerks his hand back as if it were burned. Peg rises, the sketch in hand.

PEG
(matter-of-factly)
Time to go home.

She walks to the apartment door and opens it. Charley slowly follows, rubbing his knuckles, and not very happy.

PEG
(at door)
Goodnight.

Charley slowly walks out.

81. ANOTHER ANGLE
Charley is now in the hall, Peg in the doorway.

CHARLEY
(trying)
Could I see you again, or something?

PEG
What for?

CHARLEY
Because I'd like to.
(earnestly)
Just to see you... anything...

PEG
(with a slight smile).
Try some time.

CHARLEY
(eagerly)
You will?

PEG
Try.

She hands him the sketch. He takes it, looks at it, then slowly walks to the head of the stairs. Peg watches him with a sort of affectionate interest. Charley stops and walks back.

CHARLEY
(with slow astonishment)
I don't get it, Peg. Why should you want to see me again?

PEG
(coily)
Why should you want to see me?

81. (Cont.) As if drawn by a magnet, Charley comes toward her.

CHARLEY

(looking for words)

Because you're beautiful, and you're level, and you're different, and...

He winds down. He is standing very close to her.

PEG

"Tiger! Tiger! Burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?"

CHARLEY

(hoarsely)

"What's symmetry?"

Peg puts up her hand and tentatively feels his arm muscle.

PEG

(with a smile)

Well built.

He suddenly takes her in his arms and starts to kiss her. She resists, gives in, then frantically pushes him off. She whirls around, enters her apartment, and closes the door behind her. Charley stands for one long, hypnotized moment, and then, sketch in hand, runs down the stairs two at a time.

DISSOLVE TO:

82-83-84. EXT. EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT - AT POOLROOM - CLOSE SHOT
Shorty and a circle of boys are propped up on chairs. The boys listen as Shorty regales them with the whole evening's adventures.

SHORTY

... after I show him how to knock this guy out, we get this big feed, and they trot this quail out... And then she and Charley dance... Before you know it, she's inviting him up to her apartment... and Charley, the perfect man of the world... gives me the sign ... and I blow... Just like that, fellows... Charley, very nonchalant...

One of the boys taps Shorty, who turns away from the CAMERA. CAMERA PIVOTS to reveal a LONG SHOT down the length of the street, where Charley approaches, the rolled up picture in his hand. As Charley comes up, Shorty stands up.

(CONTINUED)

82-83-84. (Cont.)

FIRST BOY
Look who's here, the great fighter...

SECOND BOY
You mean the great lover...

SHORTY
C'mon, lay off, you guys.

Charley walks into silence, the gauging glances. After a felt moment, he extends the rolled up picture to Shorty.

CHARLEY
She draws pictures... Look... That's me...

85. INSERT - SKETCH - TIGER IN BOXING GLOVES, CHARLEY'S FACE

SHORTY'S VOICE
(incredulous)
You mean she was drawing your picture?

86. BACK TO SCENE

CHARLEY
Yeah. They got a big room with pictures and statues.
(hunching his shoulders)
I'm going to see her again.

FIRST BOY
(coming up)
She give you a diploma?

Charley whirls, but Shorty shows the picture.

SHORTY
She drew his picture.

FIRST BOY
(looking at it)
Don't look like you.
(to his friend)
Hey, look... he got fur...

Charley grabs the picture back and shoves him. The boy falls back laughing.

FIRST BOY
So you don't have fur.

SHORTY
(grabbing Charley's arm)
Look...!

87.

LONG SHOT TO SPEAKEASY
as Quinn crosses the street and walks to the poolroom,
towards the CAMERA.

SHORTY

He was at the fights...

Quinn walks by the boys as if they didn't exist, pushing
one of them aside, descends the stairs into the poolroom.
Shorty pulls Charley towards the poolroom.

SHORTY

C'mon...

CHARLEY

For what?

SHORTY

C'mon, you dope. Let's hit him while
you're hot!

Shorty starts down the stairs. Charley looks at the
kibitzer who is propped up on two legs of the chair. He
kicks the legs of the chair from under, and the kibitzer
falls, as Charley runs down into the poolroom.

88.

INT. POOLROOM

SHOOTING from the rear. A crap game or card game is going
on desultorily in the very rear. Quinn is playing a solo
pool game. The other tables are more or less deserted.
Only the table lights illuminate the place, giving it a
shadowed poetry. The two boys enter.

89.

AT POOL TABLE

Shorty leads Charley close to Quinn's table. Quinn is
making a shot. Shorty nudges Charley and casually walks up
to the table. Quinn looks around for the cue chalk, which
Shorty quickly supplies. Quinn chalks his cue. He puts
the chalk down and measures a very thin side pocket shot,
and sinks the ball.

SHORTY

(enthusiastically)

Verrrrrry thin! You see that, Charley?

Shorty takes a cue and marks the shot. Quinn is looking
the balls over.

SHORTY

Like the fights tonight, Mister Quinn?

QUINN

So-so.

SHORTY

How'd ya like that quick knockout
Charley made?

89. (Cont.)

QUINN

I've seen knockouts before.

SHORTY

Everybody said it was sensational...
Ever meet Charley personally, Mister
Quinn?

Quinn turns around slowly, and Shorty brings Charley
forward.

SHORTY

This is Charley Davis.

QUINN

Hello...

He turns back to his game and makes a carom shot.

SHORTY

You got an eye, Mister Quinn.

(a pause)

How about a... you know... how about
you taking a hand and setting up a few
money fights now? Charley's on his
way up.

QUINN

(bored)

Nope.

SHORTY

(coming close to Quinn)

Charley's a great fighter, Mister Quinn.
He's got the natural stuff... He's got
the style. A little training and...

QUINN

(setting himself for shot)

So what?

Shorty looks at Charley, who has been watching with
growing resentment. Charley makes a gesture to Shorty to
lay off. Shorty quiets him.

SHORTY

He won the Amateurs...

QUINN

(turning on Shorty)

So what? Kids win this and that every
day... thousands of them. One out of
a hundred fights professionally. One
out of a thousand is worth watching.
One out of a million is worth coffee
and doughnuts... Tell your boy to get
an honest job.

(CONTINUED)

89. (Cont.) Charley slams a ball down on the table.

CHARLEY

(angrily, turning away)
No one's asking you for coffee and
doughnuts... Lay off, Shorty!

SHORTY

(with desperate
salesmanship)
You see that, Mister Quinn? He's a
natural fighter. You got a champeen.

Quinn watches Charley walk towards the entrance and out,
then turns to Shorty.

QUINN

I got nothing yet. He ain't worth
a dime... You see, kid, it costs
money to fight professional. The
boy can't train in the back yard
any more. He has to work out in a
gym. He needs dough for equipment,
even when it's secondhand -- shoes,
shorts, strap, gloves, head gear,
sweat clothes... everything. That's
ten bucks right there... even if he
buys it in a hock shop.

(taps Shorty on chest)

But if you boy's serious, if he's
willing to pay expenses, I'll throw
in my advice and experience and take
fifty percent if he turns out good
enough to fight pro.

SHORTY

(ecstatic)

You won't be sorry, Mister Quinn...
you won't be sorry...

He turns and runs as if the final trump has sounded.

90. EXT. STREET

Charley walks over to the candy store and looks in through
the door. Anna and DAVID DAVIS are seen inside. Charley
hunches up his shoulders and opens the door. He stands
there. His parents look at him.

91. INT. CANDY STORE

His father is standing on a box, putting some cigarette
cartons on a high shelf. His mother stands behind the old,
short fountain cleaning the nickel. There is a long, slow
moment.

ANNA

(ironically)

Good evening, champeen.

(CONTINUED)

01. (Cont.) She goes back to her cleaning. Charley deflates and looks at his father, who makes an appealing gesture for Charley to take it easy. As David reaches down to get a few more cartons, Charley goes over and hands the boxes to him.

ANNA

I had a delegation tonight from the poolroom across the street. They congratulated your parents.

CHARLEY

(turning to her)

It's better to win than to lose.

ANNA

(sarcastically)

Surely... and the other boy, maybe you hurt him good, champeen?

Angrily, Charley hands the carton to his father so roughly that it falls to the floor.

CHARLEY

It was only a prizefight. It's a sport.

Anna, talking, walks out from behind the fountain to face her son. She milks each word of its irony.

ANNA

A fine sport! Indeed, a fine sport! And now maybe you're going to be a professional sport and make a living hitting people...

(she indicates)

... knocking their teeth out, breaking their noses, putting a finger in the eyes. Sportsman, that's what you want?

DAVID

(walking into scene)

All right, Anna, if we're closing up, let's close.

Shorty bursts excitedly in, and grabs Charley.

SHORTY

Charley, where'd you run? Quinn'll take you on. He'll teach you to be a professional... All we got to do is get ten or twenty bucks for equipment.

Anna turns to listen.

SHORTY

(cont)

We can get it secondhand... gloves, headgear, a strap, shoes. We can dig it up... and...

91. (Cont.) He runs down as he sees Anna's disapproving look.
Anna turns a bitter face to her husband.

ANNA

Twenty years ago I told you, David,
if we live in a jungle, our Charley'll
be a wild animal. If we live where
it's nice, he'll grow up a nice boy and
learn a profession.

DAVID

(brindling)

You think I picked the East Side like
Columbus picked America? It was
possible to buy the candy store with
a small cash down payment...

ANNA

A fine investment! Next door... a
speakeasy... Across the street a
poolroom... Children like wolves...
Fights... Loafers on the corner.

DAVID

(turning away)

Could I help it that J. P. Morgan
refused to advance me credit? I would
have opened a fancy store on Fifth
Avenue. We could have lived at the
Ritz, and Charley would be wearing a
monocle.

Charley's face is hard with humiliation and fury. He
suddenly rushes to the fountain.

CHARLEY

(yelling)

You think I want to be like Pa and
spend my life selling two-cent sodas
to kids?

(turning to empty

fountain, voice whining)

Mister Davis, can I have a penny
candy?... Make mine raspberry...

(thrusts down soda water

lever, seltzer spurts)

A pack of cigarettes... The Daily
Globe... Mind the baby...

(faces his parents)

Not for me, you understand.....?

Not for me!

ANNA

(turning angrily on him)

Don't talk that way about your father!

DAVID

Charley doesn't mean what he says.

91. (Cont.)

ANNA

I told you, David, twenty years ago,
and I'm telling you now, Charley...
The easiest way is the worst way.
People have to struggle for what
they want. The candy store seemed
easy, didn't it, David? And now look
at Charley... fighting in the street
... not going to school... not
willing to sacrifice, to learn, to
study, to be something...

CHARLEY

I want to be a fighter!

ANNA

So fight for something, not for
money!

Anna angrily departs. The two boys look at each other,
Shorty uneasy because of his mistake, Charley hesitant,
sullen. David looks at Charley's sullen face, then
slowly walks behind the fountain to the cash register and
rings the "no sale". He takes out ten dollars and gives
it to Charley.

DAVID

You don't have to discuss this with
your mother.

SHORTY

You won't be sorry, Mister Davis...
He'll be a champ. He'll make a mint.

CHARLEY

(softly)
Thanks, Pa.

The two boys leave the candy store, as David watches.

92.

EXT. STREET

The boys cross over to the poolroom, Shorty holding
Charley's arm. At this moment a big sedan turns the
corner and screams down the street. It rides up on the
sidewalk, knocks the cans flying, and a bomb is thrown
into the speakeasy.

SHORTY

(screaming)
They're bombing the speak...

He pulls Charley down the steps to the poolroom. There is
an enormous explosion. Debris flies, smoke, etc., and
then the car screams off.

93. ANOTHER A NOLE
The street fills with people. A few torn and bloody men stagger out of the speakeasy. Charley and Shorty run at the head of the crowd. The glass of the candy store is broken. Through the window we see that the adjoining wall to the speakeasy has caved in over the fountain.
94. AT CANDY STORE
Charley steps through the broken glass into the store, followed by Shorty. David lies crushed between the counter and the wall. Charley runs to him.

CHARLEY
(a boy again)
Pa..... Pa!

The crowd pours in. Shorty stands near Charley, horror on his features. There is a scream behind the crowd, and Anna rushes in, goes to her husband. Charley puts his arm on her shoulders. Far off we HEAR the first bells and sirens of the fire engines. Charley's face is rigid, all feeling washed from it. He holds tightly to his mother, as with a big noise the police, fire engines, etc., arrive.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 through 104 - OUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SUBSTITUTED IN THEIR PLACE.

- 95-A. EXT. EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT
Charley stands in the corner formed by the stoop and candy store, kicking his heels against the winter cold. The candy store is boarded up, the Davis name half burned off the sign, and there is a "For Rent" notice plus neighborhood movie advertisements, etc. Across the street the poolroom lights warmly burn, but Charley keeps looking up the street. A girl comes in view, appearing from the alley, and his attention perks, but as she passes beneath the street light, we see a stranger, and his and our attention lapses. Charley looks over to the poolroom again and starts to drift across the street towards it.
- 96-A. INT. POOLROOM - NIGHT
102-A. Quinn is shooting a casual game of pool, while in the front Shorty is playing poker with five other boys. One boy is reading a newspaper. The atmosphere is of the slump, except that a heavy set young boxer, MARINO, is flashily dressed.

MARINO
(throwing in a nickel)
A nickel.

SHORTY
The millionaire!

(CONTINUED)

96-A. (Cont.) The door opens, and Charley enters, shaking himself
102-A. against the cold. Shorty throws in his cards.

SHORTY

Pass me...

(gets up and stands
near Charley at door)

Peg come yet?

CHARLEY

(looking out in street)
Would I be here?

SHORTY

Maybe she won't come.

CHARLEY

Fat chance... It's gonna be great...

SHORTY

Well, if you're goin' with a girl...

CHARLEY

Goin' with a girl! I won't have a
dime for a hundred years...

Shorty looks at the paper which a boy is reading and takes
it from him. A big splash of type in the sports section
reads: BEN CHAPLIN GETS CRACK AT TITLE. SENSATIONAL
MIDDLEWEIGHT FINALLY GETS CHANCE.

SHORTY

No unemployment for him.

Charley peeks at the page and turns away in frustration.

CHARLEY

Lay off. I got enough troubles.

SHORTY

You and me both...

(hands paper to Charley)

Look at the want ads... Maybe somebody
died, and you can carry the corpse...

As Charley watches the poker game and the street, Shorty
saunters over to Quinn.

SHORTY

(as Quinn plays)

How's business, Mister Quinn?

(Quinn ignores him)

Why don't you speak to Charley?

QUINN

What for?

SHORTY

96-A. (Cont.)
102-A.

QUINN

It's not my headache. He don't wanta fight.

SHORTY

His old lady won't let him.

QUINN

That never stopped anybody, kid. Charley don't have the drive, the fighting spirit.

(lights cigarette,
offers Shorty one,
indicates Marino)

Look at Marino. He's not the best fighter I've had.

SHORTY

You can say that again.

QUINN

But he's willing. It's half the racket.

(pats Shorty's shoulder)

Stop dreaming, kid. You'll have to make a buck some other way.

Shorty returns to the poker game and sits down as Marino deals, while Charley stands and watches. Shorty looks at his cards.

SHORTY

Marino... you did great in your last fight...

(looks up at Charley)

You know Marino, don't you, Charley? He's a real mutt. He couldn't fight my kid brother.

MARINO

Aw, lay off, Shorty...

SHORTY

Even got knocked out last week. But he's still got dough in his pockets.

Shorty throws two cents on the table.

MARINO

(throwing in two cents)

The guy was a ringer...

SHORTY

Give me two... What do you get when you lose?

MARINO

Fifty bucks... I'll take two. The rest of you out?

The boys nod. Marino deals two cards to Shorty and himself.

92-A - 102-A. (Cont.)

SHORTY

You don't have to take your girl walking in the streets, huh?

(Charley shoves Shorty, who looks up)

Don't give my hand away... Pass...

MARINO

A dime.

SHORTY

A dime! It's all I got...

MARINO

Put up or shut up.

SHORTY

Okay, mope.

(throws dime in)

He's rotten with douch, Charley..., the big gambling type... I'm seeing you.

MARINO

(laying down hand)

Three Jacks.

SHORTY

(flinging hand in

without showing cards)

You lose... Three Queens...

He starts to rake in the money, but Marino hits his hand.

MARINO

Let me see the cards...

SHORTY

A big, tough fighter, huh? You don't trust me?

(picks up cards, throws them in Marino's face)

Well, look at them, Canvasback...

Marino explodes with fury. He reaches over for Shorty, who tips the table and makes Marino stumble.

MARINO

(frothing)

I'll murder you, you little rat...

He starts around towards Shorty, but Charley steps in between.

CHARLEY

You're too young for murder, Marino.

(CONTINUED)

98-A - 102-A. (Cont.) Marino hauls off and hits at Charley, who ducks and hits back. They tangle, Charley suddenly fighting with a wild fury, as if to get rid of all his troubles. He lashes Marino all over the place, on the pool table, etc., while the boys yell: Fight, Fight... Shorty stands near Quinn.

SHORTY

(smiling)

See what I mean, Quinn...?

(yelling)

Kill him, Charley!

Charley does, and Marino drops at the foot of the pool table. Charley rolls him over with a foot. Then he turns, panting, his lip bleeding.

SHORTY

(to Quinn)

And your boy don't get fifty bucks this time...

CHARLEY

(shoving Shorty ahead)

Let's get out of here.

QUINN

(stopping Charley as he walks past)

That's my cigarette money you just burned up, Charley.

(looks him over with admiration, at ferocity which is draining off)

I'd even pay training expenses this time. You could make a lot of money, Charley...

But Charley walks by, pushing Shorty ahead, and they leave the poolroom.

103-A. EXT. POOLROOM - SHOOTING TO INCLUDE STOOP OF DAVIS HOUSE
As Charley and Shorty come out, Peg is just going up the steps, a package under her arm.

CHARLEY

(nervous again)

Hey, Peg... Peg!

He runs across the street, followed by Shorty.

104-A. AT STOOP

Peg is waiting, a smile on her face. As Charley comes up, followed by Shorty, she sees his bloody lip.

PEG

She left the lipstick on you, Charley.

He touches his mouth, and a smear of blood comes off. Peg takes a handkerchief from her purse.

104-A. (Cont.)

PEG
Some other girl been showing you her
paintings?

CHARLEY
(grinning sheepishly)
I ran into a door. Peg... maybe...
uh... let's walk around the block...

PEG
What for? We're late now.

CHARLEY
Well... the old lady's been talking...
like I was bringing you around for
approval or something... and I don't
want you to get sore.

PEG
(laughing)
I won't.

SHORTY
(cheerfully, pushing them
both in through door)
Just tell her you like long engagements.

Peg stops and looks back, raising an eyebrow.

PEG
(to Charley)
Is this a proposal?

SHORTY
(imitating Anna)
From Mama... She'll ask: And where do
you come from, Miss Born?

Peg and Shorty laugh, and the three enter.

DISSOLVE TO:

105-106-107. INT. DAVIS KITCHEN - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - ANNA
being very polite and dignified, despite the poverty
stricken surroundings, as she hands a plate of potato pan-
cakes towards the CAMERA, which PULLS BACK to reveal Peg,
Charley, and Shorty around the table. Charley is nervous,
watchful. Shorty is having a good time, and Peg is docile
as she tries to cut through Anna's company behavior.

ANNA
And where do you come from, Miss Born?

PEG
Berlin... London... Paris... Montreal.

CHARLEY

105-106-107. (Cont.)

ANNA

(politely reproving)
I heard Miss Born, Charley.

PEG

(with inviting smile)
Call me Peg, Mrs. Davis. My friends
call me Peg.

ANNA

Thank you... I mean... in this country,
Peg...

PEG

From Highlandtown. My father's a druggist
there, like he was in the old country.

ANNA

(looking significantly
at Charley)

A professional man... Very nice...
Charley's father's brother was a teacher
... very smart. And Charley's going to
night school... He told you?

PEG

Yes. I think it's an excellent idea.

Anna smiles at Peg and then at Charley, then moves ahead.

ANNA

So you came to New York to study...

PEG

Yes... I'm trying to be an artist.

She looks towards the window where her self-portrait stands
on the sill, leaning against the glass. The others look
also.

PEG

Don't think I'm egotistic, Mrs. Davis.
Charley forced me to bring it.

ANNA

I think you're very talented.
(back to main business)
And you live in Greenwich Village...?

PEG

Yes...

ANNA

It must be very lonely... a girl alone
... You live alone?

Charley splutters. Peg gives him a reproachful glance.

(CONTINUED)

105-106-107. (Cont.)

PEG

With a friend... She... uh... makes statues.

ANNA

Wonderful..Your father being a druggist, a professional man, and you're an artist...

CHARLEY

(desperately)

Another pancake, Peg?

He holds the plate out to her as if to beg her to save him.

PEG

All right, Charley.

As she takes one, Charley hands it to Shorty.

CHARLEY

Shorty?

Shorty takes two, as Anna clears her throat to begin again.

CHARLEY

(willing to say anything)

Shorty lives on this block, too. He's got ten brothers and sisters.

SHORTY

(eating heartily)

And seven of them out of work.

ANNA

(significantly)

The times are very hard. It's not easy for a boy to get started... but if his friends encourage him, if he gets an education, if he makes sacrifices and tries...

CHARLEY

You end up wearing glasses, Ma... still broke.

Charley is very embarrassed. Peg looks around at their embarrassment, leans forward towards Mrs. Davis, and speaks in all honest sincerity.

PEG

My family's nothing much, Mrs. Davis. In fact, when prohibition came, my father sold some of the bonded medicinal whiskey without a doctor's prescription.

ANNA

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

103-106-107. (Cont.)

PEG

They arrested him... Everything's all right now, but we're nothing fancy.

ANNA

But your father has a profession... It's something that people want and need, no matter where...

(she pauses)

If a boy has ambition, if there's a girl who...

Charley has automatically raised a glass of water to drink. Now he splutters suddenly, coughs, and half gets up from the table. There is a knock on the kitchen door. As he coughs, Shorty jumps up and starts to pound his back. Peg is laughing, and Charley through teary eyes is beginning to laugh along with her. So it is Anna who goes to the door and opens it.

MISS TEDDER'S VOICE

(refined and thin)

Mrs. Davis?

ANNA

Yes...

MISS TEDDER'S VOICE

May I come in? I heard your voices in the kitchen.

Anna partly wakes waw, and MISS TEDDER appears, not really in the room, but on the verge of it. She is a typical refined social worker doing good in the world. (She carries both a briefcase and her social superiority.)

MISS TEDDER

... from the Community Charities, Mrs. Davis, in reference to your letter.

The statement cuts through the warmth of the room. Anna's face grows fearful, Charley's white, staring. Shorty looks terribly embarrassed because he knows all about charities. Peg is at first puzzled, and then she reacts in terms of Anna's and Charley's humiliation.

ANNA

(caught before Charley)

Some other time...

(CONTINUED)

105-106-107. (Cont.)

MISS TEDDER

I'm terribly sorry to interrupt your dinner. It's hurry, hurry, hurry all the time...

(she trips past Anna to table, pushes dishes aside, opens briefcase)

So many cases and so few people... and so little cooperation. I won't be long. I have your letter here. Mrs. Anna Davis. Is that right?

Anna looks around the room. But it is Charley whose gaze clashes with hers. Violence breeds hate in him. Anna accepts the inevitable now. She goes to the table.

ANNA

(in low voice)

Yes. I'm Anna Davis...

MISS TEDDER

Just a form so we can make a proper check... Race: white. Religion: Jewish. Nationality: American...

(without looking up)

One of these boys your son?

CHARLEY

(exchanging look with Shorty; defiantly)

I'm Charles Davis.

He keeps looking at his mother, who refuses his glance, then at Peg, who walks into the bedroom, still visible.

MISS TEDDER

You're unemployed?

CHARLEY

(impertinently)

Got a job for me?

The muscles of his face are frozen, his eyes like slits.

MISS TEDDER

Have you tried?

ANNA

He tried.

MISS TEDDER

All these questions must be answered. I'm sorry.

(turning to Anna)

Have you tried getting a job, Mrs. Davis?

ANNA

Would I be asking for a loan if I could find work?

(CONTINUED)

105-103-107. (Cont.)

MISS TEDDER

It's not personal. You're supposed to ask. Have you any resources... any jewelry?

Charley walks up to the table as Peg comes to the bedroom door.

CHARLEY

(viciously)

She has her wedding ring.

MISS TEDDER

(embarrassed)

We don't ask our clients to sell their wedding rings.

(to Charley)

I wish you'd understand. I have to ask these questions.

ANNA

(desperately)

Go in the other room, Charley.

Miss Tedder takes a glance at the old, dilapidated furniture in the room.

MISS TEDDER

Is this furniture yours?

Charley suddenly grabs the form sheets from her hands. He crumples them into a ball and throws them in her face.

CHARLEY

(yelling)

Get out of here! Get out!

He is beyond himself. His mother cries out...

ANNA

Charley!

Shorty takes Miss Tedder and leads her to the door, while Peg runs to Charley.

MISS TEDDER

You think I like asking these questions? Someone has to do it. We can't operate without information. We have to know, if we're going to help.

CHARLEY

(shouting)

Tell 'em we're dead and don't need help! Ghosts don't eat!

Shorty closes the door behind Miss Tedder. Charley turns furiously on his mother.

(CONTINUED)

105-106-107. (Cont.)

ANNA

(low, desperately)
There was no money left. Nothing,
Charley, and I didn't want you to...

CHARLEY

(wheeling to Shorty)
Get me that flight from Quinn. I want
money...

(hysterically)

Money! You understand? Money!

ANNA

(with same hysteria
as Charley's)
I forbid! I forbid! Better take a
gun and shoot yourself.

CHARLEY

(yelling)

I need money to buy a gun...

He runs from the kitchen, swinging the door open. It yawns
as Anna, Shorty, and Peg stare after Charley. We HEAR his
steps clatter up to the roof. Anna turns away and walks
into the front room. Peg starts after Charley.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

108.

EXT. DAVIS ROOF - NIGHT

SHOOTING from closed roof door, across gravelled roof to
parawet against which Charley stands, his back to the
CAMERA, looking out over the city to the lighted towers,
the bright security. The roof door opens, and Peg
anxious appears. She steps out into the cold wind, and the
door slams shut. Charley turns, looks, faces out again as
the MOVING CAMERA FOLLOWS SLOWLY UP to him.

109.

TWO SHOT - AT PARAWET

Peg stands there, trembling in the cold. After a long
moment:

PEG

(in a small voice)

It's cold.

Charley shakes his arm out of one sleeve to give her his
coat, but she quickly moves close to him, dropping the coat
over her shoulder so that they are both joined by the coat.

CHARLEY

(stifled)

I need money... cause I gotta live!

PEG

You don't have to explain, Charley.

(CONTINUED)

100. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

You don't understand. A guy gotta live the way he can... any way he can.

PEG

Don't be ashamed, Charley.

CHARLEY

I am ashamed. You think I like handouts? You think I like hanging around waiting for the whole world to make up its mind what to do with me...? My old lady don't understand.

PEG

What do you want, Charley?

CHARLEY

You understand? The only thing I know how to do is fight!

PEG

All right... if you want to fight, fight. People have to find their own ways of facing things... the way they feel... the way they can. You have to meet things the way they are.

CHARLEY

Then it's all right with you?

PEG

Anything you want is all right with me. I love you, Charley.

CHARLEY

(with sudden fierceness)
It'll be quick... you'll see...
(facing city, holding
up his hands)
I'll rip it out of them with these!

PEG

Tiger... Tiger!

CHARLEY

Yeah... I got claws...

She grabs his fists, holds them, then nips them about her, forcing an embrace, and suddenly he softens, holding her.

CHARLEY

But not for you, Peg... not for you.

DISSOLVE TO:

110. MONTAGE
Overprinting Charley's face as he lies on the rubbing table in the present, his voice in narration continuing:

CHARLEY'S VOICE

I got claws for everybody but you, Peg...

To kaleidoscope of scenes in which Charley is surrounded by the bodies of his fallen opponents, as he and Shorty move by train from the prelims up to the main events. We see Charley's face emerge through the blood, the cuts, the bruises, the beatings he takes changing him, the knockouts he gives changing him, the life he leads changing him, a long rush of fierceness, of time serving across the continent until...

DISSOLVE TO:

111. CLOSE SHOT - STEAM LOCOMOTIVE (1934) - DAY
to create a sense of the levers pumping like knees and the whistle cry above the pump of steam. As the whistle shrieks for a crossing and the train slows for a coming station...

DISSOLVE TO:

112. INT. DRAWING ROOM - TRANSPARENCY
Shorty sits at the window reading the New York papers, picked up in Albany. The train is sliding to a halt, and through the window we see the station and the sign: "HARMON". Shorty looks out of the window and then returns to his paper. (Establish the time through the paper.) The doubledecker beds are still unmade, a table is set up before the seat, and on the seat next to Shorty is an open valise, etc. A knock sounds on the door.

SHORTY

(without looking up)

Come in.

The door opens o.s.

QUINN'S VOICE

Hello, Shorty.

Surprised, Shorty looks up, smiles, and then stands up.

113. MED. SHOT - QUINN IN DOORWAY

SHORTY'S VOICE

Quinn...

Quinn closes the door and comes forward, CAMERA PANNING, to shake hands with Shorty. We get the feeling of confinement in the room and see that good times have come: the clothes, the attitudes, the luggage, etc.

114-115. UPPER BERTH

SHOOTING down on Quinn and Shorty. Charley is in bed, leaning on his elbow and looking down. He needs a shave. He wears pajamas, looks tanned, hard. In these few years he has arrived at physical maturity, is very powerful and slim. His face is marked up, but not completely, his expression arrogant, confident, decisive. Now he grins.

SHORTY

What you doing up here, Quinn?
 Couldn't you wait for Grand Central?

QUINN

(after a pause)

I got big news...

116.

MED. SHOT

Charley jumps down and grabs Quinn.

CHARLEY

So we got it... the big fight...

Charley lets go of Quinn slowly. He looks around the room, into nothing, wonder on him.

CHARLEY

(to himself)

I'm going to be Champ...

At this moment the train starts to move.

QUINN

(sitting down)

We got a few business arrangements to make first, Charley.

Shorty looks at Quinn more soberly, but Charley slides open the washroom door, snaps on the lights, runs water into the basin, etc.

SHORTY

(to Quinn)

With who? Roberts?

QUINN

Who else? Nobody fights for the championship of anything unless Roberts gets out in. You know that. He's the dough, the real estate, the contracts, everything. The business...

Charley walks into the room half shaved, the razor in his hand.

SHORTY

What does Roberts want, Quinn?

QUINN

Nothing much, only... Charley...

(CONTINUED)

116. (Cont.)

SHORTY
(vehemently to mirror
image of Charley)
They'll be cutting you to pieces,
Charley.

CHARLEY
(in mirror)
It's only more money cut more ways. A
bigger pie, more slices... more to eat
for everybody.

SHORTY
(looking at Quinn)
And Roberts'll be telling us what and
when...?

Charley, his face hard, turns around and looks at Shorty.

CHARLEY
Everybody's been telling us what and
when... the guy who owned the arena,
the guy who owned the fighter, the guy
who owned the books, cheap mobsters,
cheap gamblers, the guys who owned
nothing. We've been eating peanuts
and fighting for them. You know nobody
fights in New York without Roberts'
say-so. Okay, Quinn. Make the deal.

Charley turns away from the table to the mirror and starts
to shave again. He speaks into the mirror in a different
tone.

CHARLEY
I'll be the Champ, and I'll give the
orders. I'll say what or when...

SHORTY
(bitterly)
You can tell us what and when, but you
can't tell Roberts.

CHARLEY
But the Champ can!

SHORTY
Not if he gives away his right arm.

Charley cuts himself. He turns around and flings the razor
on the floor.

CHARLEY
(furiously)
It's my arm, isn't it? I'm the one that
brings in the dough. I'll decide.

He steps into the washroom and slides the door shut fur-
iously. Quinn and Shorty look at each other, and then
Quinn shrugs his shoulders weakly.

DISSOLVE TO:

REVISED 1-22-47

117 through 122 OUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SUBSTITUTED
PLACE.

117-A - 118-A. INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - MED. SHOT - PEG
looking out the window.

119-A. FULL SHOT - ROOM
Peg runs towards Charley as he enters. He sweeps her up in
his arms.

CHARLEY
(hefting her)
You're lighter.

PEG
(laughing)
You're stronger...

CHARLEY
(squeezing her)
You feel good.

PEG
(as he squeezes)
Ooooooh...

Shorty comes up close.

120-A. CLOSE THREE SHOT - THEIR HEADS
Charley is looking around him.

CHARLEY
(looking at Victor)
Who are you?

VICTOR
I'm Victor. Mister Guinan employed me.

CHARLEY
Doing what?

SHORTY
The butler...
(with real happiness,
to Peg)
Hello, Peg...

PEG
(kissing him)
You look beautiful, Shorty.

SHORTY
You take the words out of my mouth.
How's the new job?

REVISED 1-22-47

120-A, (Cont.) But Charley has just noticed the terraces. He starts off with Peg in his arms towards the windows. The b.g. fills in.

PEG
(calling back)
Wonderful... I'm the third assistant designer and...

Shorty turns to Victor, who is enjoying his new job much too soon.

SHORTY
Show me the apartment, and take one of those bags.

He turns his back, picks up a bag, and follows Victor, who carries another towards the other door.

PEG
Ask me some questions...

CHARLEY
(ignoring onlookers)
You miss me?

121-A. LONG SHOT
Peg and Charley in the f.w., Victor and Shorty in the b.g., as they walk into the bedroom. As soon as the door closes, Peg lets herself go and returns as much as she gets from Charley.

122-A. ON COUCH

PEG
It's been a long year, Charley...

CHARLEY
Yeah... twenty-one fights... nineteen knockouts, two decisions...

PEG
A lonely year...

CHARLEY
Missed you, too.

Peg takes his hand, and Charley winces, pulling it away.

CHARLEY
Easy...

PEG
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

122-A. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

Guy had a head like rock... It'll
be all right.

Peg kisses his hand, and Charley withdraws it, embarrassed.
She leans close to kiss him on the mouth, running her
fingers over his face.

PEG

And this... and this... and this...?

CHARLEY

Detroit, St. Louis, Philly, Chicago...
You get something every fight, Peg,
but they don't count if you win...
(as he looks around)
Look at it... lots of room... lots of
clothes... lots of dough... Everything
you want...

122-B. LONG SHOT - PEG, CHARLEY IN F.G.

CHARLEY

(calling)

Hey, Shorty... Shorty...

The bedroom door opens, and Shorty appears.

CHARLEY

You get those tickets, Shorty? The
reservations for tonight?

(to Victor, on his way
back through the room)

Any calls?

VICTOR

No, Sir. It's a private number.

CHARLEY

Then how can anyone find me?

VICTOR

(helping)

May I get you something, Sir?

CHARLEY

(still testing)

Yeah... a drink.

PEG

(lightly)

It's still morning, Charley... We
haven't said hello...

(CONTINUED)

122-B. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

(arm around her waist)

Hello...

(looking at her)

Morning, noon, or night, what's the difference how you cut the twenty-four hours? They're all the same, except when you're fighting...

His face opens wide with astonishment and pleasure as Victor presses a button, and the wall revolves, revealing a well-stocked bar. Charley gets up, and Victor starts to take his coat. Charley is surprised, then turns to Shorty.

CHARLEY

Give him the coat.

VICTOR

Shall I make you a drink, Sir?

CHARLEY

No. I'll make it myself.

PEG

The only trouble is, my picture's on the other side.

CHARLEY

We'll find a wall that stands still.

His whole interest is riveted on the little bar.

CHARLEY

It's got a little sink...

(examines bottles)

Bourbon, Scotch...

(places a glass, pours from one bottle)

Like milk...

(pours from other bottle)

Like cream...

(slaps bar like bartender)

What'll you have, folks?

(looks at ranged bottles)

Just like the candy store...

(turns)

Want a two-cent soda, Shorty?

Victor is just leaving with the coats, and Charley starts after him.

CHARLEY

Hey, Victor... let me see the rest of the house...

(CONTINUED)

122-R. (Cont.) He moves rapidly after Victor to the bedroom door, completely absorbed. At the threshold he pauses and looks back, enjoying his new splendors.

SHORTY
It's like Luna Park.

CHARLEY
What's this?

VICTOR
It's a phonograph.

CHARLEY
Play music.
(walks to window)
You can see the whole city... You
could spit down on a million people.

SHORTY
It's a great advantage.

CHARLEY
(goes back to
bedroom door)
C'mon... Don't you want to see?

He follows Victor into the bedroom. Peg starts to follow Charley out, but Shorty stops her.

SHORTY
Peg...

She stops and turns as Shorty comes up to her.

SHORTY
(cont)
You two still getting married?

PEG
(smiling)
I haven't had time yet to say no.

SHORTY
Do it right away.

PEG
Why? Have I got a rival...?

SHORTY
Yeah, money! You know what Charley is
... what they're making him... a money
machine... like gold mines, oil wells,
ten percent of the U.S. Mint... They're
cutting him up a million ways... You're

(CONTINUED)

122-B. (Cont.)

SHORTY

(cont)

the only one left, Peg... the only one. He won't listen to me... If you don't hold onto him, it's goodbye Charley Davis... Marry him, Peg... but now... now...

Charley re-enters with a new coat on.

CHARLEY

Look at this... handmade!
(as they wait and look)
Well, come on, Peg, get your coat...
We're gonna take this town apart...
We're gonna rob the stores.

He takes her arm.

PEG

Aren't we going to wait for your mother?

CHARLEY

How is she?

PEG

She's coming up.

CHARLEY

When?

PEG

I'll call her and ask.

CHARLEY

(to Shorty)
You call her, Shorty. Tell her to come up... C'mon, Peg...
(picks up her coat, puts it on her shoulders, kisses her on cheek and starts to steer her out)
We'll be back... Get those tickets... and give the old lady anything she wants...

Then he goes out with Peg.

DISSOLVE TO:

REVISED 1-22-47

123-124 - OUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS SUBSTITUTED IN THEIR PLACE.

123-A - 124-A. INT. ROBERTS' APARTMENT (AS SKETCHED) - NIGHT
Quinn, BEN, and ARNOLD (Ben's manager) wait in the apartment hotel living room, Quinn facing the inner doorway, his attention on Roberts' entrance, while Arnold luxuriates in his own problem. Ben is so turned that only his feet and elbow can be seen. Two waiters in livery come out of the inner room, carrying the remains of a dinner, and behind them The Drummer strolls in.

QUINN

(to The Drummer)

Mister Roberts finished?

The Drummer indefinitely nods. Quinn sips at his drink, while Arnold fondles a half-glass of milk.

ARNOLD

No wonder I got ulcers... I'm in a bad way, Quinn.

QUINN

(not really interested)

Yeah, I know.

ARNOLD

(with glance at Ben)

You're a manager, too, Quinn... You struggle all your life to get a champ, a real fighter, with money in both hands... and a heart. Ben's an ace, a real ace. It's just our luck, I... (could kill myself...)

The Drummer, who has been leaning against the door jamb, steps aside to let Roberts in, and Quinn rises, ignoring Arnold's last remarks. Roberts wears a fine dressing gown over his shirt and trousers, elegant, remote.

ROBERTS

Quinn... Arnold...

(faces to the chair)

Ben...

Roberts stands, smoking a cigarette, waiting. He looks mainly at Arnold.

(CONTINUED)

123-A - 124-A. (Cont.)

ARNOLD

Ben and I talked it over, Mister Roberts... I owe you that forty thousand...

(he hesitates)

... but...

(looks over to Ben)

... the Champ figures... the doctors say he can't fight no more... he wants to retire as Champ.

ROBERTS

I let Ben coast along for two years, Arnold. No fights, no gates...

ARNOLD

It wasn't our fault, Mister Roberts. After Ben's head cracked into the post I wanted to die. It's still there, the blood clot. The doctors say no more fights.

ROBERTS

I laid out the dough till a real contender came along. I want my investment back, Arnold. That's business.

ARNOLD

Ben wants to retire Champ. It means a lot to him.

ROBERTS

And I want my dough, Arnold. It means a lot to me. I always get it, one way or another.

ARNOLD

(weakly)

What do you want me to do, Mister Roberts?

ROBERTS

I told you. Get your boy in the ring.

Arnold looks into Roberts' face for some recognition of his plight, then helplessly, goes to Ben. We see the Negro Champion for the first time, a moody look on his face.

ARNOLD

(to Ben)

It's up to you, Ben. If you say no, no.

ROBERTS

(turning away to make himself a drink)

If it's no, I want the money right now. And more... I hold you responsible, Arnold.

(CONTINUED)

123-A - 124-A. (Cont.) Ben is slowly getting up. He faces Arnold, smiles with friendliness, and then looks harshly at Roberts.

BEN

People don't count with you, Mister Roberts.

(looks at Arnold,
who awaits his fate)

You been square with me, Arnold. I'll fight Davis.

He wheels and walks to the door, where The Drummer stands. Arnold looks at Roberts.

ARNOLD

Okay, Mister Roberts.

ROBERTS

In two months.

ARNOLD

In two months. But we agree it's for a decision. No slugging. I don't want my Champ killed, Mister Roberts... If he gets it in the head...

ROBERTS

I guarantee it.

ARNOLD

(as he follows Ben)
My boy's a brave fighter, but I won't let him be killed...

The Drummer opens the door and Arnold goes out. Ben pauses, looks back at Roberts.

BEN

Thanks, Mister Roberts...

He goes out, and The Drummer closes the door. Quinn blows out his breath with relief after the tension. Roberts sits down, holds a box of cigars out to Quinn.

ROBERTS

Have a cigar for the new Champ, Quinn.

QUINN

(taking one)

Thanks. Too bad about Ben's head. He was a great fighter.

ROBERTS

I like fighters, better than horses, Quinn. But we have to look out for business.

(CONTINUED)

123-A - 124-A. (Cont.)

ROBERTS

(cont)

(a pause, distinctly)

So we don't tell Charley. Let him go in fighting and knock Ben out.

QUINN

But Ben's sick. Charley might kill him.

ROBERTS

The crowd likes a killer, Quinn. Charley's a hard fighter. It'll look fixed if he takes it easy.

QUINN

But... (if Charley kills him)

ROBERTS

Wipe your nose and forget the whole thing.

(holds match to Quinn's cigar; Quinn puffs)

Where's your boy? I asked you to bring him down.

QUINN

(fearful)

Well, he's got this new apartment... some dough... this girl... He's on the town. He said you'd know where to find him...

ROBERTS

(with his famous smile)

A fresh kid, huh?

(he rises)

I'll see him...

DISSOLVE TO:

125. OUT.

126 through 134 - OUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SUBSTITUTED IN THEIR PLACE.

126-A. INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - ALICE her soft hair flowing goldenly over the arm of the couch. The CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to include Quinn tentatively, tenderly playing with the loose strands of her hair. Alice lies on the couch, her head pillowed against the arm, her hair flowing into Quinn's hands. As the CAMERA SLOWLY LIFTS, Anna is revealed in the b.g. stiffly sitting, while Shorty stands behind her, watching Quinn with embarrassment. They have all been waiting a long time for Charley and Peg.

127-A. MED. TWO SHOT - SHORTY, ANNA - ALICE, QUINN IN B.C.

SHORTY
(catching Anna's
glance at Quinn)
It's getting kind of late, Mrs. Davis.

ANNA
(with quiet, under-
standing smile)
I've waited, Shorty. I'll wait. I
wouldn't want Charley to be
disappointed.

128-A. REVERSE ANGLE
Shorty swallows and slowly drifts over to Quinn.

SHORTY
(a little loud)
Why don't you freshen your drink, Quinn?

QUINN
(oblivious)
Tastes all right.

SHORTY
(leaning over and
whispering)
Lay off in front of the old lady.

Quinn draws a hand back as if burned, stands up, and goes
to the bar. Shorty looks down at Alice.

SHORTY
If you're sleepy, why don't you go home?

ALICE
I'm not sleepy. I'm just thinking.

SHORTY
Don't tell me.

ALICE
(slowly sitting up)
Besides, I'm waiting to meet Charley.
Quinn promised me. It's lucky to meet
lucky people.

(looks around at Anna)
You're a lucky woman, Mrs. Davis.

ANNA
You think so? In what way, Miss?

ALICE
(rising, approaching)
Because your son's going to be champ.
That means he's going to be rich, and
that means you're going to be rich.

(CONTINUED)

128-A. (Cont.)

ANNA
(with a twinkle)
You're beautiful, Miss. Why should
you want to be rich?

ALICE
I'm entitled to it.

Quinn has come over and handed her a glass.

129-A thru 134. GROUP SHOT - DOOR IN B.G.

ALICE
(making a toast)
To everything I still don't have.

ANNA
(with irony)
That you can drink to, Miss.

At this moment the door clicks and opens, while everyone expectantly looks. Peg, a luxurious mink coat draped about her shoulders, walks delicately in, watching her steps carefully, a little lightheaded. Charley follows. There is a momentary tableau.

CHARLEY
(exuberantly)
Ma!

ANNA
Charley!

Anna stands as Charley rushes to her and exuberantly embraces her.

CHARLEY
You look fine, Ma! You look wonderful.

ANNA
(softly)
Let me look at you, Charley. Let me
see you.

She holds him off, examining him.

CHARLEY
I'm just the same, Ma. So're you.
(with wide gesture)
How do you like everything?

ANNA
(still looking at him)
It's wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

I didn't mean to keep you waiting,
but Peg and I "did the town".

PEG

(moving slowly in
from entrance)

My fault, Mrs. Davis. My fault,
everybody. We danced from festivity
to festivity, and Charley couldn't
get me home.

(pirouettes in
front of Anna)

How do you like my wedding present?
We're going to be married.

The announcement touches everyone: Shorty with triumph;
Anna with slow happiness; Alice with simple envy; Quinn
just smiles. Charley acts like a magician who has accom-
plished an exceptional trick.

CHARLEY

Yeah. We're going to be married right
away. We decided this afternoon.

ANNA

(beaming from her
son to Peg)

It's wonderful, Peg. Wonderful,
Charley... This makes me rich...
Suddenly I'm a millionaire.

SHORTY

(kisses Peg on cheek)

Makes me feel fine, Peg.

ANNA

(linking arms with
Charley and Peg)

We'll make it a big wedding. I'll
invite everybody from the neighbor-
hood. Shall we make it downtown or
uptown, Charley?

PEG

Downtown.

CHARLEY

Uptown. Up here.

SHORTY

(quickly)

Any place, as long as it's legal.

Alice moves into the scene.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.)

ALICE

(to Peg)
 Congratulations! You're sure lucky.
 (feeling coat)
 Soft as a baby's skin. That must
 have cost fifteen grand.

PEG

(mimicking her as she
 takes off the coat)
 Sixteen grand.

ALICE

Could I try it on, honey?

QUINN

That's too rich for your blood, Alice.

PEG

(handing coat to Alice)
 It's all right. Why not?
 (turning to whole group)
 It's been such a day... such a night.
 (as Alice models coat)
 Did you ever drink an ocean full of
 champagne? Every place we went there
 were millions of people, all intimate,
 personal friends of Charley's. And
 everywhere we went there was another
 party and more champagne. And Charley
 was the king, and I was Charley's girl.
 (pointing to Anna)
 You're Charley's mother.
 (pointing to Quinn)
 You're Charley's manager.
 (pointing to Shorty)
 You're Charley's friend.
 (pointing to Alice)
 And you're... Who are you?

ALICE

I'm nobody, yet.

QUINN

(bringing Alice forward)
 By the way, this is Alice, Charley...
 a friend of mine.
 (proudly)
 She's a nightclub singer.

ALICE

(modeling the coat)
 Glad to meet you, Champ.

As Charley looks Alice over, Peg moves in.

QUINN

And this is Miss Born.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.)

PEG

Don't sulk, Alice. We're all nobody. You know what nobody is? You know who...? Nobody is anybody who belongs to somebody. So if you belong to nobody, you're somebody... You understand?

The door buzzer rings o.s.

QUINN

It's Roberts.

CHARLEY

Huh?

There is an exchange of looks between Shorty and Quinn. Then Shorty walks over and opens the door. He falls back a step as Roberts, exquisitely arrayed, enters, pauses on the threshold, surveys the room without pleasure, then significantly faces Quinn.

ROBERTS

Quinn, didn't you tell the boy I was coming?

QUINN

(uneasily)

He just got in and... We were just going... C'mon, Alice.

Roberts comes forward to Charley, holding out a hand, from which he carefully removes a glove.

ROBERTS

(with his smile)

I'm Roberts... and you're Charley Davis.

Charley and Roberts shake hands.

CHARLEY

Glad to meet you, Mister Roberts.
Have a drink.

ROBERTS

(depositing hat on the bar)

Some other time, Charley... I'm never happy unless things mean the same face to face.

He smiles again and then looks around the room.

QUINN

C'mon, Alice, we're going. Goodnight, everybody.

Shorty takes the coat from Alice, and she saunters out of the room as if to say, "Look me over, I'll have the same

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.) some day," etc. Roberts watches with a slight distaste. Then he notices Anna, who has been silent and observant.

ROBERTS
(inclining head to Anna)
And who is this, Charley?

CHARLEY
(very engaging)
My mother. Ma, this is Mister Roberts.

ROBERTS
(with slight bow)
How do you do, Mrs. Davis?
(looking around)
How do you like your new place?
Better than a candy store?

Before Anna can answer, Roberts turns to Shorty, puts out a finger, and touches his shoulder.

ROBERTS
(cont.; to Charley)
And who's this?

CHARLEY
That's my friend, Shorty.

ROBERTS
For how much?

SHORTY
Ten percent...

Anna stands and listens, drinking it all in.

ROBERTS
Good evening, friend.

SHORTY
Good evening, partner.

Shorty takes Anna's arm.

CHARLEY
Where're you going, Ma?

ANNA
You have business, Charley.

ROBERTS
We won't be long.

CHARLEY
It won't take long. Have a drink, Ma
... I mean, make yourself a glass of
tea.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.) Abruptly Roberts turns to Peg.

ROBERTS
(lifting his eyebrows)
And who's this?

CHARLEY
The future Mrs. Davis.

ROBERTS
Everybody's in on the dance.
(turns to Charley)
Can we talk?

CHARLEY
(looking at Anna
and Shorty)
Why not?

Shorty leads Anna into the bedroom. Anna is very disturbed. Charley's attitude has changed. He is extremely wary and very businesslike. Peg watches both men with great care, estimating the relationship.

ROBERTS
We have to shake on this deal, Charley.

CHARLEY
I thought you arranged it with Quinn.

ROBERTS
(silently)
I don't talk money with Quinns.

CHARLEY
How much do you want?

ROBERTS
I only make one kind of deal, Charley.
Fifty percent from now until the time
when you...
(pause, most graciously)
... you retire.

CHARLEY
(curtly)
Fifty percent of what? Quinn gets
thirty percent, Shorty gets ten
percent. I get sixty.

ROBERTS
(taking out cigarette case)
We start fresh, Charley. You're a
fresh young kid, and we start fresh.
(lighting cigarette)
There's always one hundred percent.
I take fifty, and you take fifty.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.)

CHARLEY
Okay. What about Quinn?

ROBERTS
He's your manager, and we both need him. I'll give him five percent, and you give him five percent.

CHARLEY
And suppose he likes his old contract?

ROBERTS
He'll like this one better. Okay, Charley?

CHARLEY
Okay.

ROBERTS
(putting on his gloves)
I hope you win, Charley. I think we can live together.

CHARLEY
What about Shorty's ten percent?

ROBERTS
(stops, looks at him)
I don't ask you what you give your mother, Charley...
(nods towards Peg)
... or your girl. If you want Shorty for laughs, give him the ten percent. I pay my expenses. You pay yours.

CHARLEY
Shorty gets ten percent.

ROBERTS
I told you, Charley, I only make one kind of deal. This way you fight for the championship right away.

There is a long pause in which Charley stares at Roberts, then looks a little guiltily towards Peg.

CHARLEY
Okay, I'll give Shorty the ten percent, but don't say anything about it.

ROBERTS
He's your friend. You're my partner.

Still smiling, Peg comes forward close to Roberts, who stands aloof from her.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.)

ROBERTS

(looking around apartment at the others)
Yeah... Drop around to my place any time.

(pressing Charley's shoulder)

Don't worry about a thing.
(as Charley opens door for him, he taps Charley's shoulder)

Take a tip, kid.

CHARLEY

What?

ROBERTS

Postpone the wedding bells. Keep your mind on the fight.

(looking at Peg)

Goodnight, Charley's girl. It's a very nice coat. But remember, after mink comes sable.

As the door closes behind Roberts, Charley looks back into the room at the silence there.

SHORTY

Why don't we drive up to Greenwich right now? You can get married tonight.

CHARLEY

(walking over to bar to pour himself a drink)

We've got a lot of things to do...
We've got to set up the training camp.
I want you and Quinn to get me some good sparring partners. And, Ma, you get rid of that candy store. We'll get you a decent place to live.

(stopping in front of Peg and Anna)

I got an idea. Why don't you and Peg move up here meanwhile and make all the arrangements?

ANNA

Charley, a marriage is nothing to postpone.

CHARLEY

Who's postponing? I've got a lot of things to do. You get it, Peg.

PEG

Yes, I get it, Charley.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.)

PEG

What about me, Mister Roberts? What percent am I worth? After all, I made him what he is. I told him to fight... You should have seen him years ago... I taught him what he knows. In fact, I'd even do the fighting, but they don't permit mixed couples in the ring. What's my cut, Mister Roberts?

ROBERTS

(looking her over carefully)

In my business there is only one hundred percent.

(turning to Charley)

I'd like to say goodnight to your mother.

CHARLEY

Sure.

(calling)

Ma! Ma!

The bedroom door opens, and Shorty appears. Then Anna walks slowly into the room, her face grave, her attitude wary, concerned.

CHARLEY

Come in, Ma. Mister Roberts wants to say goodnight.

ANNA

It's very kind of him.

ROBERTS

I was glad to meet you, Mrs. Davis. You're a lucky woman to have a boy like Charley. He's going to make a lot of money.

(looking at everybody)

Enough for everybody.

(picks up hat from bar, moves to door, pauses, looks back)

By the way, Charley, you start training right away. The fight goes on in two months.

CHARLEY

(coming up to him)

Can't be too soon for me, Mister Roberts. I need the dough.

ROBERTS

You a little short, kid?

CHARLEY

Well, you know how it is.

(CONTINUED)

129-A - 134. (Cont.)

ALMA
But I don't understand, Charley.

PEG
(moving in swiftly)
Charley is right, Mrs. Davis. I've
got a million things to do.

SHORTY
A fight can wait, Charley.

CHARLEY
(furiously)
What about the dough? You know we're
broke. We're in hock for all this.
(picking up fur coat)
For this, too... For everything. Peg
understands, don't you Peg?

Peg takes the coat from Charley and drapes it around her
shoulders.

PEG
I always understand.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 through 144 - OUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SUBSTITUTED.

135-A. EXT. TRAINING CAMP - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - PUNCHING BAG
rhythmically beating against backboard as Charley hammers
it. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he turns, walks to the heavy bag,
and hits it. The bag swings slowly, and as it moves from
side to side, Alice is revealed in deep b.g. watching him
and slowly swinging an indolent leg in time with the heavy
bag. Quinn walks into shot and stands near Alice, observing
Charley, who starts to hit the bag.

136-A thru 144-A. REVERSE ANGLE

QUINN
When you goin' back to the city, Alice?

ALICE
(still watching Charley)
No hurry. The club doesn't open for a week.

QUINN
Don't you have to rehearse?

ALICE
I'm all rehearsed...
(looks up at Quinn)
You're restless... Something wrong?

QUINN
No... no...

He walks off, and Alice observes his departure with a
cynical smile, her foot still swinging easily.

DISSOLVE TO:

145-146-147 - OUT.

148.

EXT. TRAINING CAMP - PORCH - NIGHT

Alice sits on the railing, smoking a cigarette, her leg swinging to the same rhythm. Through the screened windows of the house, we see the various camp habitués, playing cards, pool, the radio, etc. Charley is sitting at the card table, Quinn at the pool table. Charley sees Alice through the window, gets up, and strolls out on the porch. Quinn watches through the window from the pool table. Charley walks slowly past Alice.

ALICE

Kind of warm inside, Charley?

CHARLEY

Yeah...

Alice gets up and follows Charley, a long, sultry walk, Charley watching. He is stripping leaves and closed morning glories from the vine.

ALICE

The last few weeks get tough.

CHARLEY

Yeah.

ALICE

(smiling, starting to strip leaves and flowers)

I'm beginning to feel the strain myself.

CHARLEY

(fully, frankly)

You're overtrained.

ALICE

So are you.

CHARLEY

Maybe...

ALICE

Awful edgy...

(she finally, as if accidentally touches his hand)

You don't want to overdo it.

CHARLEY

(hard, arrogant)

Neither do you.

ALICE

(not to be insulted)

Why not? What have I got to lose, my girlish charm?

(CONTINUED)

148. (Cont.)

CHARLEY
(coming closer)
What have you got to win?

ALICE
Everything.

They are very close together, but still not in physical contact, when the screen door bangs o.s. Charley looks, but not Alice, who continues to gaze at Charley.

149. WHAT CHARLEY SEES: QUINN
has stepped onto the porch and is looking vaguely around, wiping his face with a handkerchief.

150. LONG SHOT
Charley and Alice in the f.g., Quinn in the b.g. Quinn sees them and starts towards them slowly, as Charley moves away from Alice.

CHARLEY
(riding Alice)
It's your friend, Quinn...

ALICE
(still not looking)
Just an old friend.

151. THREE SHOT - AS QUINN COMES UP

QUINN
Hot, isn't it?
(as no one replies)
I've been thinking, Charley... We've been pushing the work too hard... Why don't you lay off a few days? Maybe run into the city... see Peg...

CHARLEY
(with brief smile)
Goodnight, Quinn.

He vaults lightly over the porch rail to the grounds and walks off in the moonlight to the outside ring and the whole paraphernalia of the camp.

152. LONG SHOT FROM PORCH
Quinn and Alice watching in the f.g., Charley in the b.g.

QUINN
(to Alice)
I like to see you get ahead, Alice... but people shouldn't be too ambitious at first...

(CONTINUED)

152. (Cont.) Quinn leans over and runs a finger down the curve of her neck as she watches Charley.

QUINN

(cont)

Drive too fast, you break your neck.

ALICE

My neck, isn't it?

DISSOLVE TO:

153. CLOSE SHOT - ALICE - RINGSIDE - NIGHT
Her face distorted with excitement, Alice is pounding on the canvas.

ALICE

(screaming)

Go on, Charley, kill him..!

154. WIDER ANGLE
SHOOTING low from behind to the corner of the ring. Peg, the fur coat draped over her shoulders, her face wide with horror, is watching the ring as the enormous blood roar of the crowd exults about her. Shorty and Quinn are leaning on the ring, peering into it. Now Charley's feet dance in, around, and out. Now Ben's feet move in, backing towards the ropes. Peg suddenly covers her face with her hands.

ALICE

(shrieking)

Kill him..... Kill him!

155. CLOSE SHOT IN RING
We see the beaten, bloody face of the champion, BEN CHAPLIN, sweaty, in pain. Charley's gloved fist comes in and smacks him solid, and the head snaps back.

156. WIDER SHOT IN RING
Charley stands above the crumpling champion as he hits the ropes and sags. Charley hits him again and again.

157. CLOSE SHOT - BEN
In agony he writhes to the canvas, rolls over, and tries to get up. The crowd is in a maniacal state of excitement. The bell rings.

158. FULL SHOT - RING
Charley walks back to his corner and sits down. Ben's handlers rush into the ring and drag him to his corner.

159.

BEN'S CORNER

They are working over Ben. Arnold is almost blubbering with violence, pity, betrayal. Ben opens his eyes.

ARNOLD

We've been sold out, Ben.

BEN

(mumbling)

Always sold out...

ARNOLD

You'll get real hurt, Ben. Don't go back in. He'll kill you.

BEN

I'm the Champ. Let him kill me.

The buzzer SOUNDS. As Ben gets up and they put the rubber in his mouth, he murmurs again.

BEN

Always sold out...

160.

CHARLEY'S CORNER

Charley is relaxed on his stool, Shorty and Guinn working over him.

CHARLEY

(panting, bloody)

That guy's tough. He won't go down.

SHORTY

(talking fast)

Keep it up, keep it up. He'll go down.

CHARLEY

Why don't he dive? He's finished.

SHORTY

Would you? Keep it up... keep hitting.

The buzzer SOUNDS, and the stool is pulled out. Shorty and Guinn leave the ring. Charley stands up and turns around to look down at Peg.

161.

RINGSIDE - CHARLEY'S CORNER

Peg is whitefaced. Charley grins at her, and she forces a wavering smile. Alice is rampant.

ALICE

(yelling)

Go on, Charley... this round...

The bell rings. Charley wheels like a tiger and springs forward into the ring. Peg covers her face with her hands.

162. INT. RING
Ben comes out more slowly and meets Charley, slugging. The two men stand at each other and hit. It seems to go on endlessly, the crowd screeching madly, and then Ben starts to weaken. He still keeps hitting, but Charley's blows on the head have had their effect. Ben is fighting blindly, and like a tree that has been weakened at the root, he starts to go down, still punching, but going down, as Charley piles on top of him, hitting in fury... and then Ben goes flat.
163. CLOSEUP - PEG
She stares, paralyzed with horror.
164. CLOSEUP - ALICE
She yells with personal triumph.
165. CLOSEUP - SHORTY
He is happy but quiet.
166. CLOSEUP - QUINN
He is smiling cynically.
167. CLOSEUP - ROBERTS
He is putting his gloves on.
168. CLOSEUP - CHARLEY
He holds his hands above his head, the raging victor.
169. RING - THE CROWD
starts piling in, filling the ring, blacking out the lights as scene and immense crowd roar

DISSOLVE TO:

- 170-171. INT. BEN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT
(Champion's room in major arena) An utter silliness as the doctor straightens his back to reveal Charley, Shorty, Roberts, Quinn grouped around the rubbing table on which Ben lies in a heavy breathing coma. (Ben is in every shot.)

DOCTOR

We'll get him down to the hospital,
take some X-Rays--

CHARLEY

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

170-171. (Cont.)

DOCTOR

(turning away)

We'll see...

He closes his bag, and as he goes to the door, Arnold is revealed sitting on a chair, his head between his hands. The doctor pauses, looks back.

DOCTOR

You must've hit him awfully hard,
Champ.

The door opens, and the doctor leaves, but before the door closes we see Peg's white, stricken face in the corridor, some police, spectators, etc. Charley, marked with plaster on the cheek, but strong and triumphant, gazes with a kind of uneasy apprehension at Ben's still form.

CHARLEY

We just mixed it... I... uh...

QUINN

Take it easy, Charley, take it easy.

CHARLEY

(to everybody)

Anything I can do, I'll do. I mean,
any dough, any help, just ask...

(to Roberts)

He looks bad, huh?

ROBERTS

(pushing Charley out)

No, Champ... He'll be all right.
Go on, Charley... Everybody'll be
waiting. I'll clean up here... Go
ahead, Quinn... Shorty... keep the
champagne cold.

QUINN

C'mon, Charley.

Quinn moves with Charley to the door, but Shorty remains near Ben.

CHARLEY

(at door)

Just call on me for anything, Arnold,
anything you want...

(Arnold doesn't look up)

C'mon, Shorty...

SHORTY

I'll go down to the hospital with
him, Charley.

CHARLEY

Okay, don't be too long... You're
no doctor.

(CONTINUED)

170-171. (Cont.) He opens the door, and as he steps out...

PEG

How is he, Charley?

CHARLEY

(reassuring himself)

He'll be all right... He's a little dazed...

Voices rise in the corridor: "There's the Champ". But Quinn closes the door behind. Shorty continues to stare at Ben, shakes his head, and turns to Arnold.

SHORTY

I don't understand how he hurt him so bad.

Arnold looks up, his stupefied face gathering anger. Roberts puts a hand on Arnold's shoulder to force him down into the chair.

ROBERTS

Run along, Shorty. I'll take care of everything.

ARNOLD

(raising his voice)

You don't understand...

(to Roberts)

You promised to have Davis take it easy. You promised me...

(pointing at Ben)

Look at him! Maybe he'll die...

(to Shorty)

And you don't understand...

Shorty, startled, plumbs the room, Arnold's face, Roberts', The Drummer's, then looks at Ben.

ROBERTS

Better beat it, Shorty.

SHORTY

What for? Who promised to take what easy, Arnold?

ROBERTS

Have it your way, Shorty.

(turning, he taps Arnold hard with a finger)

You got any complaints?

ARNOLD

(shrinking back a little)

Me, I got no complaints...

(pointing to Ben)

He got complaints... Maybe he'll die...

(CONTINUED)

170-171. (Cont.)

ROBERTS
Everybody dies...

ARNOLD
(tapping his own head)
You knew Ben had the blood clot in the brain... You promised me...

ROBERTS
That do you want? A few grand more? You got it. Now shut up.

He wheels upon Shorty, on whom understanding has dawned, in whom anger, shock, and horror have joined.

ROBERTS
Anything on your mind, Shorty?

SHORTY
(looking at Ben)
Plenty.

ROBERTS
Spill it.

SHORTY
(venomously)
I don't like being your partner, Roberts, and after tonight I don't think Charley will, either.

ROBERTS
You're a little behind the times, Shorty. We're not partners. Whatever you get, you get from Charley. It's a handout, out of his end, along with his other expenses... you know... apartment, girls, drinks, laughs... we made our arrangements. Didn't he tell you?

SHORTY
(whispering)
Ma...

ROBERTS
Check it.
(turning to Arnold)
It was a last minute decision, Arnold. I figured it would be better that way for the career of my new boy, the new Champ. Send me the bill.

He turns, and followed by The Drummer, goes out. Shorty watches him, and as he turns back to Arnold, Arnold is standing over Ben, tears in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

170-171. (Cont.)

ARNOLD

He was such a sweet fighter... the only champ I ever had.

(turning to Shorty)

I made him do it... He did it for me...

SHORTY

(in agony)

I tell you, Arnold, Charley didn't know. He didn't know a thing.

(grabs Arnold's shoulder)

Who talked to you? Why didn't we know? What's this blood clot?

ARNOLD

(looking at Ben)

I used to think I was smart... You see how smart I am...

The CAMERA MOVES past Ben's face, past Arnold speaking, into a BIG HEAD CLOSEUP of SHORTY, on whose face shock and horror give place to determination.

DISSOLVE TO:

172-173-174 - OUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SUBSTITUTED IN THEIR PLACE.

172-A. INT. THREE CLUBS NIGHT CLUB - CELEBRATION PARTY - BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - CHARLEY AT TABLE
He is high, nervous, happy, triumphant, eating lobster and drinking champagne. He gestures with a claw to the circle around him, as the CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal Peg at his side and the faces of the choice sporting crowd: Alice, Quinn, Roberts, The Drummer, gamblers, reporters, girls, the top rabble of Broadway.

CHARLEY

I thought he'd never go down... He was like a rock.

ALICE

Who's sitting here... you or him?

CHARLEY

(gloefully)

That's right... that's right. He sure went down. You saw him, Peg... you saw him.

PEG

(the brutal shock of the prizefight still on her)

I saw him, Charley... I saw him...

(CONTINUED)

172-A. (Cont.) Suddenly her face lights up as she looks out to the entrance of the night club. She touches Charley's arm.

PEG

(rising)

Charley, there's Shorty!

173-A. LONG SHOT FROM TABLE

Charley and Peg in the f.g. to Shorty entering the night club. He walks slowly to the bar. Charley looks up, waves a lobster claw, and yells.

CHARLEY

Hey, Shorty... come here!

174-A. LONG SHOT FROM BAR

Shorty in the f.g. SHOOTING towards the party in the b.g. As Peg hurries to Shorty, Charley pours a glass of champagne, rises, and follows her, carrying the drink. Shorty takes out a pack of cigarettes and tries to light one, but his hand shakes so he doesn't make it. The bartender leans over and lights the cigarette for him.

PEG

(coming up)

How's Ben, Shorty?

CHARLEY

(happy extravagance)

We're kings of the world, Shorty.

He extends the glass of champagne, which Shorty ignores. Roberts, Quinn, The Drummer, and Alice come over to the bar.

175-A. GROUP SHOT AT BAR

After a long stare at Roberts, Shorty faces Charley.

SHORTY

You didn't win the title, Charley. Ben was doublecrossed. They promised him an easy go... They didn't tell me. Did they tell you?

CHARLEY

(bridling)

Who filled you with that bull? Who promised who?

SHORTY

(holdin' back feeling of hysterical revolt)

Ben was sick... he had a blood clot. And they all knew. Ask Roberts. Ask Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

175-A. (Cont.)

CHARLEY
(looking around, stunned)
I didn't know... Who told you?

SHORTY
Arnold.

ROBERTS
(stepping in smoothly)
It's the old alibi, Charley. Every defeated champ's got one excuse or another.

(taking Charley's arm)
You'll get used to it... Let's sit down and celebrate, everybody.

SHORTY
There's nothing to celebrate.
(turning to Roberts)
I don't like partners like Roberts, Charley. It's rotten enough without him. The money isn't worth it... Tell him he's out.

CHARLEY
(to Shorty)
You can't believe these alibis, Shorty...
(taking his arm)
C'mon, sit down. Cold lobster and cold champagne.

SHORTY
(jerking arm free)
It's true!

CHARLEY
Let's talk about it some other time.
We won, didn't we?

SHORTY
I saw it coming, Charley. I told you. I told you in Philly... I told you in L.A... We're infested with rats.

ROBERTS
(ominously)
Calm down, Shorty.

Peg takes Shorty's arm and Charley's.

PEG
Shorty, Charley... let's get out of here. Let's go...

(CONTINUED)

175-A. (Cont.)

ROBERTS

What for?

(turning to Shorty)

If the game's too big for you,
Shorty, quit.

SHORTY

I am quitting.

(turning to Charley)

And if you have any sense, you'll do
the same. I'm through... and you
can keep your pension.

ROBERTS -

(quietly)

You were through, Shorty, before you
quit.

SHORTY

What do you say, Charley?

CHARLEY

(confused and resentful
because his triumph
is being destroyed)

What's the matter with you, Shorty...
are you crazy? You wanna make
trouble? You can't believe every-
thing you hear.

PEG

(to Shorty)

Is Ben all right?

SHORTY

He'll live...

CHARLEY

You see!

SHORTY

(picking up his
glass of champagne)

Okay, Charley.

(turning to Roberts)

I christen you king of the king of
the ring.

He flings the champagne into Roberts' face, Charley grabs
Shorty's arm as Roberts wipes his face with a silk
handkerchief.

CHARLEY

Are you drunk?

Shorty twists away and starts out of the restaurant.
Roberts takes Charley's arm and starts to lead him back to

(CONTINUED)

175-A. (Cont.) the party as the crowd follows. Peg stands at the bar while The Drummer slowly walks out behind Shorty.

CHARLEY

(to Roberts)

What's he talking about, Roberts?
What's this stuff about a blood
clot and the easy go?

ROBERTS

Nothing... Stop worrying. Get it
through your head, Charley... you're
the champion of the world... the best.

ALICE

(taking Charley's arm
on the other side)

That's right, Charley. You don't
have to ask for anything any more...
just take it.

As the group recedes towards the table, Peg turns and
walks out after The Drummer and Shorty.

176.

EXT. RESTAURANT AND SMALL ALLEY

As Peg comes out of the restaurant, which adjoins the
alley, she sees The Drummer sap Shorty, who falls. Then
The Drummer starts to pull Shorty into the alley. In
violent fear, Peg wheels and runs back into the restaurant.
The Drummer pulls Shorty up against the wall and
methodically starts to beat him. After a moment, Charley,
followed by Peg, erupts from the restaurant
door. As they come in sight of the beating, Charley leaps
ahead to The Drummer and springs on him. The Drummer
raises a sap, and Charley hits him in the face, then in the
belly, then in the face.

177.

CLOSE SHOT

Charley holds The Drummer against the alley wall, and with
an explosive rage, an inarticulate answer to his own doubts
and confusion, smashes blow after blow into The Drummer's
face. We see the face disappear in blood, the features
unassemble, as Charley continues to hit.

178.

CLOSEUP - PEG

She screams with horror.

PEG

Charley...!!

She runs to him and tries to pull him away from the now
unconscious man, but Charley is salving his own doubts in
the only kind of articulate action he understands. He
drives in blow after blow as Shorty totters to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

178. (Cont.,) A. Roberts, followed by Quinn, Alice, etc., rush out of the restaurant into the alley.

ROBERTS
(losing his calm
for the first time)
Your hands, Charley!

SHORTY
(to Charley)
We know you can fight...

Charley lets go of The Drummer, who slides limply to the ground. He sees Charley trembling with rage, Peg almost nauseous from the whole evening's brutality, Shorty wiping his bruised face.

SHORTY
Thanks, friend...

He turns and walks out of the alley to the street. Peg stares after him.

PEG
Shorty...

SHORTY
I'm all right. Take care of Charley.

PEG
Shorty...
(to Charley)
He's hurt.

She takes Charley's arm and starts after Shorty.

ROBERTS
Charley, just a minute...
(indicating The Drummer)
I didn't send him out...

179. OUT.

180. LONG SHOT - CHARLEY, PEG IN F.G., FACING ROBERTS - Shorty is blindly crossing the street. A taxi swerves, its headlights blazing, and suddenly squeals hysterical brakes and hits Shorty. As the taxi squeals to a stop, Peg turns, looks, and screams. She looks back at Charley, then runs to Shorty. The street fills with people as Charley continues to stand like a man paralyzed. Then slowly he starts to walk towards the scene of the accident, the CAMERA TRACKING with him. He walks past the people in the street, past Peg, not even seeing her. The crowd parts for him, and there is Shorty, lying in front of the blazing headlights. Charley stands there looking down on Shorty. A MAN kneeling at Shorty's side looks up.

(CONTINUED)

180. (Cont.)

HAM

He's a goner...

PEG

(almost to herself)

Everything you touch turns to blood...

ALICE

(coming up behind

Charley; softly)

It's not your fault, Charley. He
didn't look where he was going.

Charley looks into the headlights facing him across the
chasm of Shorty's death. The CAMERA MOVES IN through the
headlights.

-OIL WIPE TO-

181.

CLOSE SHOT - OVERHEAD LIGHT BULB IN DRESSING ROOM
The CAMERA MOVES DOWN to Charley lying on the table, hands
over his face. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to:

182.

FULL SHOT - THE ROOM

As Charley lies still there, the low rumble of the crowd
o.s., we should get the feeling of someone sick or dead,
lying alone in state in a solitary room. After a moment
the door opens, and Prince comes in. As Charley removes
his hands from his face, Prince picks up the dropped roll
of bandage and starts to rewind it, coming closer to
Charley.

PRINCE

Time to get ready, Champ... You
only got a few minutes.

Charley slowly sits up, memories crowding his face as he
returns in thought to the present. Prince helps him get
ready, talking all the time.

PRINCE

I hear Marlowe's so nervous he can
hardly sit still, Champ... Not
taking it easy... not lying back so
relaxed. He got plenty to be
nervous about, too... cause they're
sure gonna carry him out of the
ring... Gimme you other hand...
Guess you feel kinda funny not having
Ben with you. He was a great champ.
I was talking with a few reporters
out in the hall. They asked me how
you felt. I says, "How do you think
a champ feels? He's sleeping inside."

CHARLEY

Yeah... dreaming...

DISSOLVE TO:

- 182-A. INT. DRESSING ROOM
Charley is ready to enter the ring. He hunches his shoulders, loosens his muscles, bends his knees. O.s. we hear the talking motion of the crowd in between fights. Now the door opens, and Quinn enters. Behind him the corridor is crowded with police, reporters, etc.

QUINN

(keeping voice flat)

C'mon, Champ, we're on...

Without talking to Quinn, Charley, accompanied by Prince and followed by Quinn, walks out of the room.

183. INT. CORRIDOR CORNER
Charley, accompanied by Quinn and the handler, guarded by policemen, walks rapidly to the corridor corner, the ever present noise of the crowd filling the air. Charley walks by the CAMERA, which MOVES with him as he turns the corner. Roberts is standing there with The Drummer, and a few cronies. He smiles at Charley as the Champ goes by.

184. LONG SHOT - AISLE LEADING TO RING
As Charley turns the corner, he stops in the f.g., looking down the aisle to the ring. Now a roar starts in the crowd on the other side of the arena, cheers, handclapping, and whistles. Jackie Marlowe, accompanied by his handlers and manager, is running down an opposite aisle. He climbs into the ring and starts shaking hands with himself to the crowd. The tumult starts to die down.

QUINN

Let's go, Champ.

185. CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY
His face marshals its powers, and he takes a very deep breath, like a swimmer about to dive into deep, cold water. He darts a look at Roberts, who shakes hands with himself in the air as if for confidence and triumph. Charley gives no sign. He starts to trot to the ring.

186. LONG SHOT - AISLE - CAMERA PANNING
Surrounded by his handlers and manager, and preceded by policemen, Charley hurries down to the ring. Great cheers and a lot of boos rise from the crowd. The noise is much greater than for the challenger, a real bedlam.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

187 through 202 - OUT. THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SUBSTITUTED IN THEIR PLACE.

187-A. INT. ARENA GALLERY (BOOM SHOT)
SHOOTING from just behind the electric sign that marks the rounds, under the bright arc, through a pall of blue, weaving cigarette smoke, into the sea of faces in the gallery. The round is No. 11, and the idle booing of the crowd, an occasional listless stamping of feet, show how dull the fight has been.

VOICE

(jeering o.s.)

Why don't you two guys get married?

A gale of laughter sweeps over the gallery, as the CAMERA SLOWLY TIPS ITS ANGLE DOWN into the faces below, and the aisle that leads out. A small group of men near the exit are talking, not even looking at the ring. The CAMERA SLOWLY ENCOMPASSES the faces, MOVING CLOSER to the ring. Arc lights now bring out more clearly the expressions of boredom in the crowd. As the guard comes close to ring-side, we see Roberts leaning back in his seat, the smile on his face. Alice is half turned, not even looking at the ring. Quinn is talking with Prince. We have not yet seen the fighters, only the passage of their feet behind Quinn's head.

188-A. ANGLE SHOT - QUINN IN F.G., BOXERS IN RING
We now see what the crowd is bored with. Charley, very tired, is pushing after Marlowe, who keeps dancing away, boxing, butterflying, keeping Charley on the move. The men clinch, rattle around in it for a while. The referee breaks them, and Quinn continues to stare at Charley, still trying to understand him. Quinn looks behind him.

189-A. ANOTHER ANGLE
Quinn in f.g., Alice and Roberts in b.g. in smiling small talk. The bell rings o.s. Alice looks back at the ring. The lights go up, and a spontaneous long boo comes from the crowd, along with whistles and jeers.

190-A. CHARLEY'S CORNER
There is the business of getting the corner ready, the stool shoved in, etc. Charley hurries back to his seat, and wearily lies back against the ropes. He is extremely tired, wind and legs and arms from the long boxing. Quinn stands behind the ropes, looking rather objectively at the champion.

PRINCE

(as he works)

How you doin', Champ?

CHARLEY

(mind lost in past)

What round?

PRINCE

Eleven.

(CONTINUED)

190-A. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

(puffing with exhaustion)
I'll fall down by the fifteenth.

He closes his eyes and lies limp as they work on him.

191-A. ANGLE - FROM ROBERTS TO CHARLEY'S CORNER

Roberts is watching the men work over Charley. Now he looks over at Marlowe's corner.

192-A. ANGLE - ROBERTS TO MARLOWE'S CORNER

Dane is looking over Marlowe's head to Roberts. Roberts shakes his head. Roberts looks back to Charley's corner. The buzzer rings.

193 through 225 - OUT.

226. CHARLEY'S CORNER

Charley gets up slowly, and the men scramble out of the ring. Quinn slams the rubber into Charley's mouth as the bell rings. Now Quinn climbs down to his ringside position and slowly turns to face Roberts.

227. ANGLE - FROM RINGSIDE

Quinn slowly nods his head to Roberts.

228. REVERSE ANGLE - FROM ROBERTS

He slowly nods back, then looks to Marlowe's corner.

229. ANGLE - ROBERTS TO MARLOWE'S CORNER

Dane is watching, not the fight, but Roberts. Roberts nods to him. Dane smiles broadly.

230. ANGLE - DANE TO ROBERTS

Dane raises his fist and makes a short-energetic gesture to Roberts. Now Dane moves close to the ring, half hoists himself up, and most intently looks in at the fighters.

231. ANGLE - RING

Dane in the f.g. Marlowe is facing away from Dane as he and Charley box. The fighters clinch, Charley still facing Dane. As the referee separates the men, we see that Charley moves away from Marlowe without making much of an attempt to protect himself, leaving his body open. As the men engage again, they slowly dance around, and their positions reverse, so that Marlowe is facing Dane. Dane is quite excited now. He catches Marlowe's inquiring glance and makes a gesture of encouragement with both of his fists, nodding at the same time. Marlowe suddenly grins.

232.

INT. RING - FAVORING MARLOWE

He continues to box Charley and dances off to the ropes as Charley plugs after him. At the ropes Marlowe forces a clinch, his back against the ropes. Then he wrestles Charley around. The referee moves up, and Charley, as in the past rounds, releases his hold and leans against the ropes, resting for a moment.

233.

VERY CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY, MARLOWE

Marlowe's face suddenly hardens. He pushes Charley with his left, as if to move away, and suddenly drives a terrible hook into Charley's solar plexus, an enormous blow for which Charley is utterly unprepared. Charley's mouthpiece flies out of his mouth, and he doubles up against the ropes, writhing dryly. Marlowe opens up a terrific barrage of blows against Charley, beating him with a wild fury. An enormous roar comes up from the crowd. Suddenly there is the wildest excitement everywhere. Charley hangs onto the ropes helplessly as Marlowe beats him down, and at the same time keeps pushing him back against the ropes so that Charley can't collapse to the canvas. Now Charley hangs onto Marlowe, instinctively trying to tie him up, but Marlowe bangs him in the mouth and nose, starting blood. Marlowe is a dynamo of blows.

234.

CHARLEY'S CORNER

SHOOTING from Quinn to the fighters. Quinn is smiling. Charley staggers, starts to sag, and Marlowe jumps him again, half holding him. The referee makes no attempt to break them. Quinn looks over to Dane's corner.

235.

QUINN TO DANE - INCLUDING THE FIGHTERS

Dane is grinning like a monkey.

236.

QUINN TO ROBERTS

As Quinn slowly turns his head, the CAMERA TURNING with him reveals suddenly that Roberts isn't in his seat. The rest of the spectators are screaming murder. Quinn looks back into the ring. Charley is down on his hands and knees. The crowd is howling. Charley attempts to get up as the referee starts to count. He reels into Marlowe and tries to punch back, but the young contender is all strength. Bloody and dazed, Charley hangs on and takes the beating. The referee comes in to separate them.

237.

CLOSE SHOT - REFEREE

He chops a hand at Charley's biceps, hurting him to break the desperate hold on Marlowe. This is done deliberately, the referee being in on the fix. As Charley's arm falls, Marlowe nails him on the side of the head, and Charley goes down and rolls over.

238. FROM CHARLEY UP TO REFEREE AND MARLOWE
Charley gazes into the blaze. The referee starts to count.

REFEREE

One... two...

OIL WIFE TO:

239-240-241 - OUT.

242. INT. GYM (A MODERN STILLMAN'S) - LATE AFTERNOON - CLOSE
SHOT - \$1000 BILLS
being paid upon a rubbing table. This is a small dressing
room with lockers, etc.

ROBERTS' VOICE

Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-
nine, sixty thousand.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Roberts and Charley facing
each other across the rubbing table.

ROBERTS

(cont)

That's the down payment, Charley,
for one boxing exhibition with Jackie
Marlowe... Okay?

CHARLEY

(picking up money
with melancholy air)

Yeah... What about the money I owe
you?

ROBERTS

Cancelled. Just make sure I bet the
dough for you, Charley. I'll see
you get the best odds for yourself,
plus a few extra points.

Roberts makes ready to leave, putting on his hat, as
Charley stuffs the money away.

CHARLEY

What about a return match? Maybe
(we can make some extra money that
way)

ROBERTS

(turning to interrupt)

We've had bad trouble these last
three years, Charley.

CHARLEY

(sullen)

There was nobody to fight.

ROBERTS

You don't like fighting any more,
Charley. You like living too much.

(CONTINUED)

242. (Cont.) Charley stands at the rubbing table near the open lockers. Some of his training gear is piled on the table, punching bags, gloves, sweat suits, etc. Charley fiddles with a glove.

ROBERTS

Alice tells me you both plan to open a night club after the fight.

CHARLEY

Why not? Let the money work for me. I've been working for it long enough.

ROBERTS

That's right. Fighting's too tough for a man of thirty-five. You got too much imagination. But you've been a good partner, so I'm glad to pay off.

CHARLEY

(a sense of desolation)

Yeah, I've been a good partner... I'm handing Marlowe the title with a fifteen round waltz...

ROBERTS

You can't be Champ forever, Charley. And Marlowe can beat you fair... Why hurt our business on an outside chance? I stand to make up for these last three years on the betting. In business it's good to risk money only when it's a sure thing.

Roberts opens the dressing room door to reveal The Drummer leaning against the frame, and in the deep b.g. two big steamer trunks open, Charley Davis' name marked on them, and Ben sitting on the trunks waiting. Standing near the ring are Quinn and Dane in conversation. Otherwise the gym is empty. As the door opens Ben gets up from the trunk and walks past Roberts, who has just come out, into the dressing room. Ben picks up an armful of gear, turns around, and carries it out to the steamer trunk where he packs it.

ROBERTS

So long, Charley.

CHARLEY

So long....

BEN

(looking at Roberts)

When do you want those sparring partners up at the training camp, Charley? When do we start?

CHARLEY

In a couple days.

(CONTINUED)

242. (Cont.)

BEN

Got a couple good boys for you,
Charley. One of them fights just
like Marlowe.

ROBERTS

(stops, turns to Ben
with a smile)

So long, Ben.

BEN

So long.

Empty armed, Ben starts back for the dressing room.

ROBERTS

I forgot to ask you how you've been,
Ben.

BEN

So-so...

He moves into the entry of the dressing room. Roberts is
a little nettled. He smiles maliciously.

ROBERTS

How's the head, Ben?

BEN

(turns, face working)

Still on, Mister Roberts... no thanks
to you.

Quinn and Dace come up from the b.g.

ROBERTS

You still sore?

BEN

Not at you. I should have known
better.

ROBERTS

It's my fault, Ben. I should have
done something for you.

BEN

I like being Charley's trainer.

CHARLEY

(breaking it up)

Okay, Ben... let's get this stuff
packed. You can go up and get the
camp ready.

Roberts put his hand in his pocket, takes out a wad of
bills, strips off two, crumples them into a ball, and
tosses it at Ben.

(CONTINUED)

242. (Cont.)

ROBERTS

Here's something to sweeten the past, Ben.

Ben makes an instinctive movement to catch it, and then lets the money fall to his feet.

BEN

(high, strained voice)

I don't take blood money, Mister Roberts... mine or anybody else's.

ROBERTS

You'll only have to bend down to pick it up, Ben.

(starting out)

We'll have dinner together, Quinn. C'mon, Dane.

As they exit, Ben stands there shaking, his eyes staring. He raises a hand to his head. Charley picks up the money, unfolds it, and whistles.

CHARLEY

Two G's...

(forces into Ben's hand)

Take it, Ben. Money's not like people. It doesn't think... got no memory.

BEN

(enormous repression)

I could kill that man, Charley.

Suddenly he covers his face with his hands and groans.

CHARLEY

(alarmed)

Ben!

(puts arm around

Ben's shoulder)

Shouldn't get excited this way...

It's not good for your head.

BEN

I'll be all right, Champ.

Charley leads him to the rubbing table, brushes the gear off; and sits Ben down.

CHARLEY

I think you ought to get a real checkup, Ben.

BEN

After the fight. It's just that pressure, Charley.

(touching his temples)

All these last weeks I keep fighting in my head all the time.

(CONTINUED)

242. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

Want some water?

BEN

Naah. I'm all right. It's just when
that vein starts pumping in my head.

He gets off the table and picks up the punching bags and
gear. Charley takes an armful of stuff, and Ben leads the
way out. As Ben gets to the dressing room door, he stops
and looks fully at Charley.

BEN

Did you sell out the fight, Charley?

CHARLEY

(taken aback)

Naah... You're crazy. It was just
some dough that's coming to me...

Ben stares full at Charley's face, then turns and walks
out.

242-A. BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - CHARLEY
bitterness and humiliation in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

243-244 - OUT.

245. EXT. TERRACE - CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Charley stands smoking on the terrace. In the b.g. a party
is going on in the living room. He throws away his
cigarette.

245-A. INT. APARTMENT - FULL SHOT - PARTY
Crap game in f.g., girl dancing on the table. Alice greets
some guests, then turns and watches the crap game. The
dancing girl kicks an ash tray off the table.

ALICE

What are you trying to do -- break up
the joint?

MAN

What do you care? You own the joint?

ALICE

Want to see the doed?

She walks away, stops, and talks to a guest. Then she sees
Charley in the b.g. at the French door. He turns and walks
away. Quinn enters to Alice with a drink.

(CONTINUED)

245-A. (Cont.)

QUINN

I thought you could use a drink.

ALICE

Thanks.

QUINN

Time to start worrying.

ALICE

What about?

QUINN

Yourself.

Alice walks into the bedroom. Quinn follows.

245-B. INT. BEDROOM

Alice enters and sits at f.g. dressing table. Quinn following starts to close the bedroom doors.

ALICE

Leave 'em open, Quinn. What'll people think?

QUINN

(walking to her)

Do you mind?

(stands next to her)

You sure you're not worried?

ALICE

I've got nothing to worry about.

QUINN

Not if you keep your mind on the dough.

(holding up his drink)

To the money... You gonna bet?

ALICE

I'll beg, borrow and steal to bet on this fight.

QUINN

Remember, baby... I told you about it.

(sits down on bed)

You get in on a big fix once in a lifetime. And after it's over?

ALICE

No problem. The boy's going to end up with a snootful of dough.

QUINN

It'll fade in a year with your help.

(CONTINUED)

245-B. (Cont.)

ALICE

That gives me a year. But what about you?

QUINN

I can always get another mug. They come and go... but I stay. That's why, Alice, if you're smart...

ALICE

Don't you ever get tired?

QUINN

No. I don't have time for pride. He could have had the whole world. So he leaned over sideways and grabbed you.

ALICE

Nobody grabbed me. I grabbed him.

QUINN

Sure, baby... all love and a yard wide. But every time he's low down, he's gone to Peg. And he's not going to feel so high after this fight.

ALICE

I don't care where his heart is... only the money.

QUINN

What about me... how I feel?

ALICE

Don't romance me. You're getting old.

QUINN

You could use a new paint job yourself.

ALICE

(stands and looks at him)

I know where to get it.

She walks through the French doors to Charley on the terrace as Quinn in the f.g. watches. Charley and Alice walk back through the French doors to the party. The CAMERA PANS with Quinn as he joins the party through bedroom doors.

246.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Crap game in f.g. Quinn enters to the crap game from the bedroom. Alice and Charley have come in from the terrace. A MAN crosses to the bar, bangs for service, then presses the button which operates the bar. As the bar starts to turn, Peg's picture is revealed on the other side. Charley walks to the man and shoves him back onto the couch, then presses the button which turns the bar back. He starts after the man. Alice separates them, and they go back to the bar. Alice hands him a drink, which he snatches from her and swallows.

247-248-249 - OUT.

250. INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING
In the morning light the apartment looks a wreck from the all night party. Forms of revelers who couldn't quite make home lie here and there like enchanted sleepers. There are bottles, an overturned lamp, pillows strewn, etc. Charley half sits, half lies on the couch, his eyes opening, a morning beard, his clothes awry. One arm rests on Peg's self-portrait. He tastes mud with his tongue, looks bleary eyed around, sits up, groans, then holds his head. Suddenly he is alarmed, searches in his pocket, and is reassured to find the money still there, a fat roll. He stands up and looks at his watch, which reads 7:00 o'clock. Standing still, he tries to remember, thinking through the night. As he glances around, he sees Peg's picture on the couch. A sudden recoil touches his face. He walks over and picks up the picture, looks at it, and tucks it under his arm. He moves a step towards the exit and comes across a limp body which fatly lies asleep. He looks down on it with enormous distaste and turns it over with a probing foot, but the man sleeps on. As Charley reaches the threshold of the room he stops again and looks back on the unwanted sleepers. A sardonic expression seizes his face. He walks to the automatic phonograph, sets the machine, looks through the records, picks out the loudest, and puts it on the machine. After pressing the button, he hurries out. As the CAMERA PANS him out the door, the loud, hot jazz crashes upon the glum morning air like a screaming hangover. Grinning, Charley leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

251. EXT. MOUNT STREET - PEG'S APARTMENT - LONG SHOT - MORNING
Charley drives up in his convertible Cadillac. People are going to work.
252. CLOSE SHOT - CAR
Charley gets out, still carrying the painting. He looks up at Peg's window.
253. CLOSE SHOT - WINDOW
Shade drawn, the morning breeze sucks the curtains out.
254. CHARLEY AT CAR - SHOOTING TO THE ENTRANCE
He hesitates, lights a cigarette, throws it away, then hunches his shoulders and runs up the steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

255.

EXT. LANDING - PEG'S APARTMENT

Charley comes up the steps. There is a bottle of milk standing before Peg's door. He walks over and picks it up. After a final hesitation, he rings the bell and waits. A man comes out of another apartment, kisses his wife good morning, and walks past Charley, who looks like an all night reveler.

MAN

(pleasantly)

Good morning.

CHARLEY

(mumbling)

Morning...

The man goes around the landing and down the steps, then pauses to light a cigarette. Charley stares hostilely at him, and the man hurries down, wondering. The door opens a fraction of an inch, and Peg peeps out.

CHARLEY

(with embarrassed grin)

Early delivery this time.

PEG

(surprised, opens door wide)

Charley... Hello... Well, come in.

She leaves the door open for him and walks to her desk as he enters.

256.

INT. ROOM

Peg starts to arrange a pile of sketches as Charley hesitantly enters, closes the door, and moves towards her. She turns and observes him.

PEG

(lightly)

You in trouble again?

CHARLEY

(with difficulty)

No... no...

She takes the bottle of milk from him, looks curiously at the back of the painting.

PEG

I'll make some coffee. You look as if you need it.

She walks to the alcove, puts the bottle down, and starts to prepare coffee, running water into the pot, etc. Charley, to do something, picks up the sketches and looks at them.

(CONTINUED)

256. (Cont.)

PEG

Isn't this a trifle early for you?

CHARLEY

I got up a little early this morning.
(a pause)

That is... I didn't get to sleep.

PEG

(measuring coffee)

Celebrating the Marlowe match?

CHARLEY

I tried to...

(a pause)

I thought you skipped the places in
the paper that mentioned my name.

PEG

(running water into
coffee pot)

On the contrary... You know I read
about you religiously.

(turns; watches him
fingering sketches;
making conversation)

I've been promoted since last you saw
me. I'm a full fledged designer now.

CHARLEY

(approaching her)

That's great.

PEG

(taking can of juice)

Juice?

CHARLEY

Thanks...

She opens the can, pours two glasses, and hands him one.

PEG

(ceremonial gesture)

To your health...

(she drinks)

What's it this time, Charley?

Charley just drinks, wondering how to begin.

PEG

(without hostility)

Last year you dropped in because you
were bored. The year before you were
lonely... Once it was your birthday,
twice it was mine... What's the
occasion this time?

(CONTINUED)

256. (Cont.) He comes quite close to her, waiting to begin.

PEG

(a wry smile, a
little weary)

I worked late last night, and I'm
not very clever this morning...
But our relationship is so unusual,
so intermittent. I'll try... do
you want advice, comfort, or
recrimination?

CHARLEY

(extending the painting)

I brought this, too.

PEG

(taking it, looking)

It looks like me, even if it's bad
technique.

(looking up)

Is this your problem? Don't you
want it any more?

CHARLEY

No.

PEG

(half turning away)

I don't understand. I'm still half
asleep. If you don't want it, why
return it... after all these years?

CHARLEY

I want you.

It strikes her full at the heart; makes her tremble, but
she turns to look at him. He looks full in her face, then
lowers his eyes. She puts the painting down and holds her
tears back, the catch of feeling that runs like water
through her flesh.

PEG

(finally, in one
quick breath)

Here I am, Charley...

They embrace suddenly, without kissing, clinging to each
other for strength.

CHARLEY

(a tight whisper)

I was scared, Peg... so low down...
I wondered... but I had to see...
and find out one way or another. I
had to know.

PEG

Don't let go... I'll fall down.

(CONTINUED)

236. (Cont.) They hold tight, and Peg is silently weeping, but Charley after a moment wants to prove how much he still has to offer. He kisses her cheek, holds her at arm's length.

CHARLEY

But we won't be broke... Look!
(takes roll from pocket,
lets bills drop on table)
Sixty grand, and more to come...

PEG

(ignores money, leads
him away from it,
speaking rapidly)
Don't tell me what you'll get me...
Don't tell me what you can buy. You've
got nothing to buy.

CHARLEY

I said all that once, didn't I? You've
got lots to forget.

She sits him down on the studio couch, sits on his knee,
and strokes his hair.

PEG

Don't talk, Charley. Just sit tight.
You'll only start saying the things
you've learned to say... not what you
once were... what you are...
(on stove the coffee
pot runs over, hisses)

Oh...

(jumping to feet,
running to it)
Ever since Irma left, it runs over..

CHARLEY

(a safe question)
Where is she?

PEG

Texas.

CHARLEY

Texas? Doing what?

Peg can't stop talking now, the emotion bubbling in her
voice, almost hysterical happiness.

PEG

(as she cleans pot)
She married an aesthetic airplane
engineer. He bought a statue, fell
in love with her legs, and carried
her off in a Lincoln convertible.

(CONTINUED)

256. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

(laughing, uncontrolled)
She happy?

PEG

Delirious. She says the flying field
crawls with beautiful young men. It
all began one rainy afternoon.

Charley watches her, drinking her in, and Peg, aware,
rattles on.

PEG

(cont)

Things happen that way... crystallize.
Sometimes you wait very long for
happiness. Sometimes you fall all
over it before you learn to walk. She
walked in all... jumpy... jumping... I
think I'm jumping... Everything I
touch seems to have a pulse in it. I
can't imagine why... I must be ill...
(holding her pulse)
... running a high fever... That am I
talking about? Do you know?

They are facing each other. He has risen, a man enchanted
again, a sense of being free. She starts to run towards
him. He catches her in his arms.

PEG

Do you know what it is to love and be
alone?

DISSOLVE TO:

257.

INT. PEG'S APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY ON STUDIO COUCH
He is fast asleep, and the afternoon light is drifting on
dustmotes through the big window. He stirs and wakes,
opening his eyes. He looks around, lost, surprised, then
remembers and smiles. He sits up. The CAMERA PULLS BACK,
and we see that the room is empty. He looks at his watch.

258.

INSERT - WATCH, WHICH READS 4:00 O'CLOCK

259.

BACK TO SCENE - AS CHARLEY STANDS UP

CHARLEY

Peg....!

There is a note pinned to the pillow. He takes it and
reads it.

260. INSERT - NOTE

Tiger, Tiger,
I talked you to sleep, so I went to
work. Meet me at your Mother's, for
dinner. No excuses. The phone is
off the hook, but I phoned Ben not
to worry about you.

Peg
P.S. I took the money. You looked
so helpless, and there was so much
lying around.

261. CLOSEUP - CHARLEY
He is smiling, then he looks a little worried.

262. WIDER ANGLE
He slowly crumples the note.

DISSOLVE TO:

263. INT. DAVIS KITCHEN - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - KITCHEN STOVE
the pots steaming, a big frying pan sizzling with potato
pancakes. As a pot boils over, Peg and Anna rush into the
shot, bump, laugh. Anna turns out the fire, Peg removes
the cover.

PEG
Is it spoiled?

ANNA
(taking cover)
It's nothing. Let me.

PEG
I'm trying to be useful.

ANNA
Then give me a saucer.

263-A. ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE KITCHEN TABLE
set for three, napkins, wine glasses, decanter. As Peg
gets a saucer, Anna scoops up a pancake and puts it into
the saucer.

ANNA
Go ask the expert if it's right.

As the women look towards the bedroom...

263-B. LONG SHOT - ANNA, PEG IN F.G.
Infinitely tender, Peg looks towards Charley. Anna shifts
her attention to Peg's face, and with a sudden access of
love kisses her cheek briefly. Peg turns quickly. This is
a first kiss between them. Anna is suddenly embarrassed
and turns back to her frying pan. A strand of Anna's hair
hangs across her cheek. Peg gently strokes it into place.

(CONTINUED)

263-B. (Cont.)

ANNA

One pretty woman in the house is plenty...

Saucer in hand, Peg starts to the bedroom.

263-C.

INT. BEDROOM

Charley has just finished shaving. Peg stands behind him, leans down, and kisses him.

CHARLEY

(closing eyes, snapping fingers)

More...

Peg takes the pancake and puts it in his mouth.

CHARLEY

(after a first reaction, eating)

Mmm... Now this is one taste you never forget.

PEG

You approve?

He kisses her.

PEG

(shouting to Anna)

The expert approves.

(to Charley)

Happy?

CHARLEY

Yeah... What did the old lady say when you told her this was my last fight?

PEG

(whispering)

She cried. Then she said the most beautiful thing I ever heard in my life.

CHARLEY

What?

PEG

That she didn't think at her age she could fall in love again.

CHARLEY

With who?

PEG

With us.

CHARLEY

(kisses her again)

By the way, what did you do with the

(COMPLETED)

263-C. (Cont.)

PEG

I put it in my bank.

CHARLEY

Tomorrow morning I'll go down with you and get it.

PEG

What for?

CHARLEY

To bet on the fight.

PEG

But, Charley, if you lose and all the money, too, you'll want to fight again... No, I won't give it to you to bet. We're rich!

The kitchen door opens, interrupting them, and a GROCER enters, carrying a box. Charley and Peg look towards the kitchen. Charley gets up, a little disturbed, his mind on the money. But Peg is brisk, having decided to run things properly now.

264.

INT. KITCHEN

The grocer has put his box of fruit, bread, etc., on a chair and stands facing the bedroom.

GROCER

Charley... You're a sight for sore eyes.

(pumps Charley's hand)

It's good to see you. You look fine.

(turns to Anna)

He looks wonderful.

ANNA

You know Miss Born?

GROCER

How do? I've seen Miss Born about.

ANNA

It's Charley's fiancée.

GROCER

This I suspected.

(handing Anna a large bunch of grapes)

Straight from the Garden of Eden.

Charley takes the grapes from Anna, and he and Peg eat them during the scene, while Anna unpacks the box. The grocer takes a newspaper from the box and opens it.

ANNA

Have some wine, Shimin.

(CONTINUED)

264. (Cont.) She offers some, pouring from the decanter to a glass.

GROCER

Why not?

ANNA

(as if suggesting toast)

This is Charley's last fight.

GROCER

You don't say?

CHARLEY

(hastily)

Don't spread it, Shimin.

GROCER

I'm like a grave.

(smiling)

Well, so you'll retire a champeen...

That's bad? It's good.

(holding up glass)

To the future retired champeen of the world... good luck. And to my five dollars that I bet on the fight, good luck.

(drinks, holds out hand

to Charley; they shake)

Everybody's betting on you, Charley, the whole neighborhood. Like you was the Irish sweepstakes.

ANNA

(lightly)

They're fools to bet.

GROCER

It's not the money. It's our way of showing... In Europe today they're killing people like us just because they're Jewish. But here Charley Davis is the champeen... So you'll win and retire a champeen. And we're proud. Period.

(nodding quickly around)

Glad to have met you, Miss Born.

(opening door)

When you leave, Charley, stop in and say toodledadoo.

He laughs and cuts out. The women are emotionally stirred, laughing happily. Anna is even proud. But Charley has turned away, his face clouded. In that same moment the women notice it and exchange a look as Charley moves to the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

264. (cont.)

PEG

(quickly near him)

Somet ing wrong, Charley?

ANNA

(quickly)

I shouldn't have said about the last fight.

CHARLEY

What's the matter with people? Why do they have to bet? It's a racket. They know it's a racket.

ANNA

People gamble.

CHARLEY

They're suckers. Tell 'em not to bet on me, Ma.

ANNA

I'm too old to walk up and down New York telling people not to bet...
(smiling)

... especially when they win.

CHARLEY

They can lose. You don't always win. Suckers like Shimin shouldn't bet.

ANNA

Suckers like Shimin! You didn't hear what he said, did you, Charley? It isn't the five dollars that's important, it's... (the principle)

CHARLEY

I heard him. So he said it...

PEG

That's right, Charley. Then why should you bet? Why take a chance?

CHARLEY

You don't understand. It's a different thing. I can't quit without money... I don't want to end up broke... I'm getting out of the squirrel cage. They've got a new squirrel now. I don't like fighting any more. I don't like the ring. I don't like the crowd.

PEG

You've got sixty thousand dollars. Stop now.

(CONTINUED)

264. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

Stop now!? There's a million dollars riding on my back. I don't have a dime if I don't fight. I'm all mobbed up, tied hand and foot, down to my last buck. Do you want me to end up broke, or like Ben... punchy... with a blood clot on the brain... waiting to die any day? Or in an alley with a bullet in my back?

ANNA

What are you talking about, Charley? Nobody wants money. Nobody wants you to fight. Nobody wants anything. What do you mean, a bullet?

CHARLEY

You don't understand. The fight's fixed.

ANNA

Fixed? What do you mean fixed?

Charley darts a glance to Peg, who now understands everything.

CHARLEY

(in the trap now)

It means I'm throwing the fight.

ANNA

Throwing the fight!?

CHARLEY

It means I'm going to lose. It's all arranged. It's a racket anyway.

That's why I want to bet that sixty grand. You get it, don't you, Peg?

PEG

I get it.

CHARLEY

It's an investment. A sure thing...

After a silence as the women exchange a tragic glance, he explodes.

CHARLEY

Well, what do you want? What are you looking at?

ANNA

So you didn't understand what Shimin said...

CHARLEY

It's none of my business what they do, what they think. They don't look out for me.

(CONTINUED)

264. (Cont.)

PEG

Poor Charley. Nobody's looking out for you.

CHARLEY

(a big fury)

You're all so high and mighty!

(to Anna)

You wouldn't even have a dirty candy store if it wasn't for me... You wouldn't have a dime... the clothes on your back...

(wheeling to Peg)

It's my money, isn't it? You were in a big hurry to take it and slap it in the bank. Sure, you said, we're rich enough... like all the rest of them, from what comes out of my hide. I take the beatings, and you take the dough, like all of them. This time I'm taking care of the dough. Give me back that sixty grand.

As he rages on, the blank shock which is Peg's first reaction, moves through revulsion into a fury greater than his.

PEG

(furiously)

That's right... This is my chance... my great opportunity. You've piled wonders and fortunes on my head. Take it back. Here... what everyone gives you!

(strikes him on face;

they face each other.

like ferocious animals)

Take it back... the happiness you've given me... the long years... the stupid waiting... the promises broken... the lonely nights... sentimental love, idiot love, wretched love. I waited for it all to end. It's ended!

She strikes him again and again until he moves back.

CHARLEY

(with obstinate sullenness)

I want my money.

PEG

(beginning to laugh hysterically)

You'll get it tomorrow...

DISSOLVE TO:

265.

EXT. TRAINING CAMP - RING - DAY

In training gear, Ben in the ring refereeing, Charley and a SPARRING PARTNER mix it. After a short flurry, Charley hits the man, who takes a hard fall on the canvas. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see Quinn, Roberts, and a few reporters near the ring.

BEN

(without enthusiasm)

All right, Charley, that's enough.

Charley is helping his partner up as photographs are taken.

QUINN

(enthusiastically

to reporters)

Charley's been that way two months.

No holding him back. It's a Harlowe massacre tomorrow night, like I said.

Ben has draped a bathrobe over Charley, and they now step through the ropes and come down the wooden steps.

QUINN

Now take it easy for the rest of the day, Charley.

REPORTER

You're looking great, Champ.

CHARLEY

(grinning)

Thanks... I can even name the round for you.

BEN

(soberly, taking his arm)

C'mon, Champ. I don't want you to dry off from all that exercise.

His expressionless, unenthusiastic face turns to Roberts, and they exchange a look. As Charley and Ben leave, Roberts raises an eyebrow to Quinn, who shrugs his shoulders towards Ben.

DISSOLVE TO:

266.

EXT. TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

Moonlight floods the ring, which has been partly dismantled. Charley slowly walks through the grass and approaches the ring, pushes the sandbag, and goes slowly up the stairs, and then stands there alone, brooding. From the cottage a radio plays and lights are lit, but Charley is isolated. The shadow of the sandbag breaks and beats across the whiteness of the canvas. Now Ben comes down the cottage steps and slowly strolls over towards Charley.

(CONTINUED)

266. (Cont.) He stands at the foot of the steps, looking up. In the distance a train whistle SOUNDS, a dog barks, runs in and out of the shadows sniffing.

BEN

(looking up at Charley)
Last night, Charley...

CHARLEY

(after a long moment)
Yeah...

BEN

Always get a sad feeling when I see them breaking camp, taking down the ring, collecting the gear...
(slowly walks up steps into ring, walks around, stabbing canvas with toe)
Always felt so good after a win...
Walk on Lennox Avenue, the kids all crazy for you... and proud... a champion for the whole world to know...

267. CLOSE TWO SHOT - BEN, CHARLEY
Ben stares at Charley.

BEN

How come you fixed the fight, Charley?

CHARLEY

I got you covered, Ben. You'll get a cut of what I make... The bet's in there for you, too...

BEN

That's what I figured, Charley... all this monkey business with the training to run the odds up against Marlowe... and you not really training at all... That you ducking out for? You can be at the top for years yet.

CHARLEY

That's the way it is, Ben. There'll be big money out of it, and I'm through... It's enough.

BEN

Why? There's no one in your class... I've watched Marlowe, studied him... He backs away and throws a left... backs away... When he's winning, he gets eager, hits with one hand. One good punch, Charley... I've tried to show you...

(CONTINUED)

267. (Cont.)

CHARLEY

I know, I know...

BEN

Maybe you let Roberts talk to you a little too fast...

A shadow falls across the ring.

ROBERTS' VOICE

Like a word with you, Ben.

Ben and Charley turn, and there stands Roberts at the ring, behind him The Drummer. Ben exchanges a glance with Charley.

BEN

Say it, Mister Roberts.

ROBERTS

It's time you left.

BEN

Where to, Mister Roberts?

ROBERTS

Where we don't have to see you...

CHARLEY

Take it easy, Roberts.

ROBERTS

I'm taking it easy.

He comes up the steps, The Drummer remaining below. Roberts addresses Charley.

ROBERTS

We'll get someone else for your corner, Charley.

BEN

Let Charley take care of that.

ROBERTS

Okay... It's taken care of. Get out tonight, and keep your mouth shut.

CHARLEY

Just a minute, Roberts... Maybe Ben's right... What's our hurry with this Marlowe? Maybe we haven't figured it right. Maybe we can cover...

ROBERTS

Don't second guess me, Charley. It's set. You've bet the pile on yourself. What are we talking about?

(CONTINUED)

267. (Cont.)

ROBERTS

(cont)

(turning to Ben)

I told Quinn to dump you months ago.
He said Charley wanted you. Well,
Charley doesn't want you any more.

BEN

(holding his anger)

Let Charley tell me...

He turns to Charley, but Roberts steps in between.

ROBERTS

I'm telling you. Start running.

BEN

(yelling in sudden fury)

You killed me four years ago with a
doublecross. I can't scare any more.

His voice sounds in the quiet air, and the camp people
start coming towards the ring from the shadows. Quinn
comes up.

ROBERTS

You're punchy, Ben. Your head's soft.
I let you stay on Charley's pension
list.

CHARLEY

(nervously)

Let him alone, Roberts... Don't get
him excited. He's sick.

Charley starts pushing Ben away, but Ben tears away from
him and faces up to Roberts.

BEN

(screaming)

You don't tell me how to live!

ROBERTS

(coldly)

No, but I'll tell you how to die.

268.

CLOSEUP - BEN

A pulse beats in his temple, his eyes glaze, and his voice
strangles inarticulately.

BEN

Huh...

(strangling)

Huh... Charley... no... it's the old
... like I said... Charley...

269. BACK TO SCENE

ROBERTS

(exploding to Drummer)

Get this crazy punch drunk wreck out of here!

Ben shrieks in agony suddenly, quivers, covers his head with his hands, and starts to cave in. Charley grabs him.

CHARLEY

(frightened)

Get the doctor.

QUINN

(yelling)

Hey, Brown... Brown... Get Brown!

Roberts watches, the little smile pasted across his face. Men continue appearing as Charley and Quinn yell for Brown. Ben suddenly stands up, looks around with glazed eyes, tears away from Charley, and stands in the middle of the ring. His hands are raised in a boxing stance, and he begins to take ineffectual blows in the air, his head weaving. Suddenly his head snaps this way and that as if from short, savage, stunning blows.

BEN

(his voice rising)

Go on... I can take it... go on!

270. CLOSEUP - BEN

He stands there taking the invisible blows.

BEN

All right... hit me!

(laughing)

I can take it... I can take it all.

271. WIDER ANGLE

to include Charley, his face wide with horror. Ben suddenly covers up in pain, his body rocking with the punches.

BEN

Got to take it... got to last... got to take it... got to last...

He starts to buckle. Charley starts to him, but Roberts holds him back.

ROBERTS

You can't do anything, Charley. He's punchy.

CHARLEY

(shaking him off and shouting)

Get the doctor, Quinn!

(CONTINUED)

271. (Cont.) Slowly Ben folds to the floor. Now he is on his knees.

BEN

Gotta take it... always sold out...
always sold out...

Charley grabs Ben and holds him. Ben struggles in his arms.

272.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - CHARLEY, BEN

Charley tries to hold Ben back. Ben screams in agony. He thinks Charley is his opponent.

BEN

Go on... kill me! Kill me! I'm
the Champ...

He wrenches loose and faces Charley, while the whole camp gathers around. Blood makes a thin line on Ben's mouth. Then he pitches over, headfirst, onto the ring. He lies still as the group gathers around his form.

273.

CLOSE SHOT IN RING

to include Charley, the doctor (BROWN), with Quinn and Roberts in the b.g. Charley holds Ben in his arms.

CHARLEY

(in despair)

Ben..... Ben!

(turning to doctor)

Brown...

The doctor gently disengages Ben to examine him, while Charley watches.

DOCTOR

(examining Ben)

Brain hemorrhage.

CHARLEY

(terrified)

Will he be all right?

DOCTOR

He's dead.

CHARLEY

Can't you do anything?

DOCTOR

(looking at Ben's

typical old prize-

fighter face)

The human body isn't made for punching.

The dog barks furiously in the moonlight. Charley kneels beside Ben, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

274-275. REPEAT OPENING SHOTS OF PICTURE: SCENES 1 AND 2.

BLUR DISSOLVE TO-

276. CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY
Blood instead of sweat on Charley's dazed face. He is kneeling at the ropes, trying to get up. The referee leans in.

REFEREE

... seven... eight...

277. INT. ARENA - CLOSE SHOT - BELL
The bell crashes as the round ends. The crowd roars with continuous excitement.

278. INT. RING
Quinn and the handlers rush in and pick Charley up from the floor, where he has been saved by the bell.

279. CHARLEY'S CORNER
Quinn and Prince are working furiously over Charley, whose face is well smashed at the mouth, the nose, and over the eyes. Alice leans forward in her seat, watching intently, in the b.g. Roberts' seat is empty. As Charley starts to come to, he recognizes Quinn and starts to swing at him. Prince and Quinn hold him down.

QUINN

Take it easy, Champ, take it easy.

CHARLEY

You sold me out.

(panting)

I'm gonna kill you.

(looking towards Marlowe)

I'm gonna kill him...

QUINN

I didn't know, Charley... I didn't!
It's like they did with Ben. I
didn't know about this, Charley... I
swear!

He puts smelling salts to Charley's nose.

CHARLEY

(relaxing, mumbling)

Sold out... crossed... I'm gonna
kill him.

The buzzer rings; the plug is pushed back into Charley's mouth.

QUINN

What you gonna do, Charley?

(CONTINUED)

279. (Cont.) The bell rings, and the lights are dimmed. Charley walks forward all covered up, as Marlowe rushes in for the kill. The crowd underroar begins, swelling at the surface of the howl of triumph.

280. THE ROUND

Charley hangs on for dear life, tying up the younger fighter so Marlowe can't punch. The referee breaks them forcibly, chopping at Charley's arms. But Charley gets in again and again, holding on. Quinn watches with a distraught face. Charley is fighting on instinct, all his years guiding him as he keeps Marlowe from hitting. The referee works like mad to shove Charley free. The crowd boos and yells.

DANE

Get him, Jack.... get him...

But Marlowe is having trouble with the kill. Now Charley holds Marlowe against the ropes with all his dead weight.

281. CLOSE TWO SHOT - MARLOWE, CHARLEY

CHARLEY

I'm gonna kill you... I'm gonna kill you...

Marlowe smacks him away.

282. BACK TO SCENE

The referee is pulling at Charley. The crowd boos loudly. Quinn watches, fearful. The bell rings. As Charley turns back to his corner, Marlowe hits him.

QUINN

(instinctively yelling)

Foul!

He crawls into the ring and rushes over to the referee. Charley swings a punch at Marlowe and hits him. Quinn pulls Charley back to his corner.

283. CHARLEY'S CORNER

Charley is limp on the stool as Prince works on him.

CHARLEY

(to Quinn)

You sold me out, you rat.

QUINN

Dive and finish it, Charley.

CHARLEY

Sold out, like Ben...

(CONTINUED)

283. (Cont.)

QUINN

What you gonna do, Charley?

CHARLEY

(exhausted; fiercely)

I'm gonna kill him and you, too.

Quinn stares down at Charley. Charley is crying. The buzzer sounds. Business of clearing the ring, then the bell.

284.

THE ROUND

Charley repeats his tactics, while the crowd boos and alternately yells. Charley stumbles, goes down on his knee, and waits out the count. Quinn suddenly turns and runs back up the ramp.

285.

HEAD OF RAMP

where Roberts stands with The Drummer, watching. Roberts follows Quinn partly down the ramp under the seats. The crowd is booing, then cheering.

QUINN

(to Roberts)

You crossed us.

ROBERTS

You got no complaint. Neither has he. He still gets the dough. You, too...

QUINN

Marlowe hasn't got the stuff. He can't drop him.

ROBERTS

Tell Charley to dive.

QUINN

You're crazy, Roberts. He won't dive. He's fighting back.

There is a big yell from the ring o.s.

ROBERTS

(suddenly disturbed, tense)

You're in the ring with him...

QUINN

What can I do?

Roberts turns and starts back towards the arena, Quinn following.

ROBERTS

Don't let me down, Quinn.

286.

THE RING

Charley is kneeling, waiting, while Marlowe dances warily around. Charley waits the count out as Quinn comes running up to his corner. Charley gets up, dives into a clinch again, and starts bucking. The referee comes in to break it up. Charley spins Marlowe around, pushes him towards the referee, and breaks away. The crowd yells. Now Charley rushes Marlowe, and though he takes a heavy beating, he continues to drive blows back. Marlowe beats him down again to the canvas. Charley holds onto Marlowe's legs and pulls himself up, while the referee tries to separate them, Marlowe still punching.

CHARLEY

I'm gonna kill you.... I'm gonna kill you....

The bell rings. Quinn helps Charley back to his corner.

287.

RINGSIDE

Roberts finishes writing a note, passes it to Alice, and whispers to her. Alice moves over and delivers the note to Quinn.

288.

CLOSE SHOT - QUINN READING THE NOTE

289.

INSERT - NOTE

Double everything. Box the last rounds. I'll call off Marlowe.

290.

BACK TO RINGSIDE

Quinn looks over to Roberts, who indicates Charley with a nod of his head.

291.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - QUINN, CHARLEY

Quinn shows Charley the note. Charley's mouth is full of water. Instead of spitting into the cup, he spits towards Roberts. Some of the water hits Roberts.

292.

CLOSE SHOT - ROBERTS

Hardmouthed, he wipes his face with a silk handkerchief, and then turns around and walks up the ramp, followed by The Drummer. The bell rings.

293.

INT. RING

The lights are out. Charley comes out, still tired, but going in. Marlowe runs away from him. He knows the fight is his if he can stay away. He doesn't even try to box.

(CONTINUED)

293. (Cont.) He just stays away, and the referee moving around the ring helps Marlowe. Charley finally catches hold of Marlowe by the arm and clinches. He roughs him to the ropes. The referee runs up, steps on Charley's foot, and uses the side of his hand to break the clinch. Marlowe punches desperately at Charley. Charley swings his elbow in, catches the referee in the side. The referee staggers back. Charley butts into Marlowe, smashes him up against the ropes, and wallops at him. Marlowe starts to sag again. He catches himself on the ropes, holding on. Charley batters him half through. Charley's blows are slower and slower. The referee is back pulling at Charley. Charley can hardly raise his arms. He struggles with the referee as Marlowe slowly collapses through the ropes and lies head down, dangling over the ropes and ring. Charley walks to his corner, the referee arguing with him. The timekeeper is counting, and the referee walks back slowly. The count continues. Charley is hanging onto the ropes himself, his face profusely bleeding from his wounds. Marlowe is out cold. As the last number is counted in, the crowd erupts in frenzy, and the ring starts to fill with people, police, etc. Charley hangs onto the ropes, weeping. Alice stands behind Quinn, who is climbing into the ring.

ALICE

(whitofaced, flabbergasted)

What happened?

QUINN

You're back in my league, honey...

Then he climbs into the ring and goes to Charley's side.

294. CLOSE SHOT - CHARLEY IN RING
his face dazed, sweaty, bloody.

295. FULL SHOT - RING
as the pandemonium moves from the crowd into the ring, the disappointed gamblers, the squad of cops surrounding the winner. Charley, surrounded by Quinn and handlers, as they start to fight their way through the crowd. Prince starts to fight with Dane, the beginning of a free-for-all as the tumult rises.

296. CLOSE SHOT - RINGSIDE
as Charley comes through the ropes and down and is congratulated by the joyous Arnold.

297. AISLE PANNING SHOT
as Peg fights her way through the crowd toward Charley.

298. CORRIDOR AND RAMP IN ARENA
as policemen form a line to keep the excited crowd from pouring through the corridor, which leads to the dressing rooms. Charley and his entourage come through the police line and down the steps into the corridor. Roberts stands there with a few bigshots. As Charley comes by, Roberts turns to him. In the b.g. we see Quinn and Alice looking over the line of police. The spectators yell to Charley as they pass.

ROBERTS
(ironically)
Congratulations, Champ!

Still at the height of his emotion, Charley wheels, looks furiously at Roberts, and takes a swing at him. Roberts catches Charley's gloved hand and pulls him in close.

299. TIGHT TWO SHOT - ROBERTS, CHARLEY
To the bystanders it looks like an ordinary conversation.

ROBERTS
(quick, fierce)
You're broke, Charley. Champ or no champ, you won't fight again unless I say so... my way.

CHARLEY
(as intense)
I'll fight... my way.

ROBERTS
You cost me a mint. I want my dough.

CHARLEY
Find yourself another boy.

ROBERTS
I will. You're a bigshot now, Charley. I'll have to wait. But I'll pay you off for this.

CHARLEY
(smiling)
Everybody dies. You gotta win to be a winner.

He breaks away from Roberts through the reporters and into the depth of the corridor.

300. ANOTHER ANGLE
as Charley, followed by his entourage, approaches the CAMERA. Peg has finally battled her way through. She runs up to Charley.

(CONTINUED)

REVISED 3-13-47

118.

300. (Cont.)

PEG

(overawed)

Are you all right, Charley? Are you
all right?

CHARLEY

(sweeping her
on with him)

Never felt better in my life.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

301. LONG SHOT - EXT. EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT
as Charley and Peg approach the Davis apartment. Over
this is SUPERIMPOSED "The End".

FADE OUT:

THE END